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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

KANSAS—SLAVERY.

LETTER FROM B. F. STRINGFELLOW.

To the Editors of The Washington Sentinel.

GENTLEMEN: We request that you will publish the accompanying letter of Gen. B. F. Stringfellow, of Missouri, relative to the settlement of Kansas Territory, which contains information of interest to the people of the entire South.

Gen. Stringfellow resides on the very border of Kansas, and the ability he has displayed in the discussion of the slavery question in his publications and addresses, together with his reputation in his own State, has induced us to believe that his views will be more entertaining and serviceable to our respective constituents and the people of the South than any information within our reach.

We, therefore, present his letter, in reply to one which we had the honour to address him, as a general response to those who seek to be informed upon matters pertaining to Kansas.

Respectfully, your obedient servants,
P. S. BROOKS, of S. C. THOS. L. CLINGMAN, of N. C.
WM. SMITH, of Va. JOHN MCQUEEN, of S. C.
Washington, Jan. 10, 1855.

To the Hon. P. S. Brooks, Thos. L. Clingman, Wm. Smith, and John McQueen.

GENTLEMEN: It gives me pleasure to comply with your request, and state in writing the information I have been enabled to give you, touching the settlement of Kansas Territory, and its adaptedness to slave labour, and to present the considerations which induce me to say, without hesitation, it will be a slaveholding State. I do this with more pleasure because I find gross errors commonly prevailing in relation to that Territory, circulated, too, in some instances (I would hope through misconception), by Southern men, who ought to be better informed.

I am gratified to learn from you that there is so general a desire among the people of the South to know the truth, and I shall be more than repaid if I can be a means of enlightening them. For the sake of convenience, I will reply to your inquiries separately.

1. *Will Kansas be a Slaveholding State?*

I answer without hesitation, it will. Though a citizen of Missouri, yet residing on the border of Kansas, I have necessarily felt a deep interest in the decision of this question, and have watched anxiously the progress of the struggle which has been going on in that Territory. A residence of nearly seventeen years in Missouri had, I believed, enabled me to form a reliable opinion as to the class of population which would naturally and permanently occupy Kansas. I admit, however, I was somewhat alarmed when I saw our Southern friends seemingly ready to surrender it, deterred by the declaration of those on whom they were accustomed to rely, that "it was not adapted to slave labour," while, at the same time, Abolitionists were organizing their Companies, with millions of capital, to colonize that Territory. Yet, I never despaired! I still declared that, though sent out, they could not remain; they could not live in the prairies! I can now refer you to the result of the late election for Delegate, as evidence conclusive of the correctness of my opinion.

The question of slavery was not properly involved in this election, and General Whitfield, accordingly, in announcing himself a candidate, presented, as the issue, the principles of the Douglas bill. But the real issue was not left to him; the friends of his opponents, before he was fairly announced, made the issue distinctly and directly on the question of slavery—induced to do so, without doubt, under the false impression that a large number of those sent out by the Abolition Societies were still in the Territory. That issue was at once accepted by the friends of Whitfield, and, by the action of the Abolitionists, became the only issue in the contest; it absorbed all others, and on it the election turned.

Whitfield received the pro-slavery vote. The anti-slavery was divided between Flennigen and Wakefield. The former was favoured by the Governor, and, as contra-distinguished from the Abolitionists, was called by the softer term Free Soiler. He received the vote of those who denied that they were Abolitionists, but claimed only to be opposed to slavery, with such of the Abolitionists as could be influenced by the Governor. Wakefield was the proper Abolition candidate, and received, with few exceptions, the votes of those sent out by the emigrant Aid Societies. This last vote, you will see, was nearly all given in one district. That district included the town of Lawerence, to which those sent by the Abolition Societies were forwarded. Those Societies show, by their reports, that they have transported to Kansas 3,000 during the past summer; and I incline to the belief that the number is not overstated. Of that number, you will see, there were left on the day of the election but 248; of these, I am credibly informed, 150 left on the day following the election, having complied with their contract in voting! Others have since left, and I can safely say that, of the whole batch, there will not by March be fifty left in the territory! They were not such men as could settle a prairie country.

I am aware that it is charged by Abolitionists that Missouri sent thousands (they had it four thousand) to Kansas "merely to vote," and thus elected Whitfield. I ought not, perhaps, to deny the charge, as Missouri has certainly an equal right with Massachusetts to send men to Kansas! Abolitionists have not the exclusive right to organize Emigrant Aid Societies!

If the charge were true, I do not see that it can afford much consolation to Abolitionists to find that Missouri can, alone and unaided, so easily defeat their boasted schemes. On the contrary, it might well encourage our Southern friends to learn that, though they be asleep or afraid, Missouri is not only awake, but able and determined to protect the rights of the South.

For answer to this charge, however, I need only refer you to the vote; you will see that Whitfield received a majority in every precinct but three, in two of which a very small vote was given, and in the other is situated the town of Lawrence. You will see, too, that there was but a handful of Abolitionists in the whole territory, their whole vote being only about 500. To say, then, that illegal votes from Missouri carried the election, is to assert that there were no people in the Territory! It is a poor shift, to which the Abolitionists are driven, but the only one to cover their failure. Another and a sufficient answer to all such charges is, that the judges of the election were appointed by the Governor, who was an active friend of Flennigen; they received the votes and returned them without objection from any quarter but in one district, and in that the objection was withdrawn.

The truth is, a large number of Missourians who have "claims" in the Territory, and intend to reside there, were not there on the day of the election. But they will be there in the spring, and will have a right to vote; they will not, however, like Abolitionists, return so soon as they vote, but will remain, and continue to vote. Missourians have believed that, without the Douglas bill, and certainly under the great principle recognised by that bill, they had the right to move to Kansas, and there to exercise the privilege which, as freemen, they had before been accustomed to exercise.

Abolitionists have proclaimed that their purpose is not only to exclude slaveholders from Kansas, but to use Kansas as a means of abolishing slavery in Missouri; then, with these for their levers, to abolish it in Arkansas and Texas. Were they to succeed, it needs no prophet to foretell the speedy dissolution of the Union. Missourians have thus felt that, in their efforts to defeat the designs of the Abolitionists, they were not only defending their own homes, but the Union itself. To protect their homes, they have made their homes in Kansas. If, then, it is intended by the charge to say that those who once lived in Missouri carried the election in Kansas, there is some foundation for the charge. While the people of Missouri are not "lawless invaders," many have moved into Kansas, mainly induced by the determination to adopt all lawful means to protect themselves from the invasion of Abolitionists. Others are ready, and determined, if necessary, to abandon their homes and move, at whatever cost of comfort or money. We have a deeper interest at stake, and are not less self-sacrificing, than the Abolitionists. In justice to the people of Missouri, I will say (from an experience, as a lawyer, of seventeen years, during ten of which I was prosecuting attorney) they are as orderly, as moral, as submissive to law as the people of any State in the Union. At the same time, composed as they are of the most enterprising, energetic, if not intellectual, of the old States, they are as determined of purpose and as likely to effect their purpose as any people in the world. When, then, I say to you that to them this is not, as it is to Abolitionists and even to our Southern friends at a distance, a question of theory or conscience, but a matter of home, of bread, that they have determined to submit to any sacrifice which they can, as good citizens, make rather than suffer the Abolitionists to force upon the people of Kansas a system they do not approve, you will readily see that it is not in the power of Emigration Societies to effect their purpose. There is now in the Territory a majority of more than *four* to *one* in favour of making Kansas a slaveholding State; that majority will, if emigration be left to itself, be increased; if emigration is to be forced again, it will be found that Missouri is nearer to Kansas than Boston!

I believe I may assume that the speculators who so freely advanced their money for the purpose of colonizing Kansas with Abolitionists, under pretence of a desire to make it "free territory," but really to amass fortunes by laying out towns with the hirelings sent out by them, have found their speculations so flat a failure that they will permit Kansas to be settled in the natural way.

If thus settled, it must become a slaveholding State.

It is not adapted to the making of towns; it is not suited for little farms; it cannot be settled by those who have not the command of labour.

To the farmer who has no "help," but is dependent on his own unaided labour, Kansas is, of all, the least desirable country; it cannot be settled by such.

In the timber, the poor man can, with his axe, erect his cabin, make his rails on the line of his fence, with his own hands inclose his land, belt his trees, and with his one-horse plough break the ground and put it in cultivation. But in Kansas there is no such land for cultivation. Every foot of timber is needed for fuel and fencing. The timber is confined to the banks of the streams, on the bottoms and the breaks of hills; hence, timbered land is less fitted for cultivation, while, on account of its scarcity, it is far too valuable for that purpose. Farms must be made in the prairie. The farmer must have a team to haul his rails, and in most cases they must be hauled so far as to render fencing too costly for little fields. Large fields alone, by reducing the proportion of fencing, can render its cost reasonable. Dwellings must be framed, and built either of brick or of stone. But, perhaps, the greatest of all the difficulties in the way of the poor man is the first cost of breaking prairie. To do this requires two hands and at least six yoke of oxen. If hired, it will cost at least three dollars per acre; but it cannot be hired in Kansas for years; there, every man will have his own land to break; each settler must, hence, have his own team, his own ploughmen. In no instance has prairie land been first settled by poor men. After a country is settled, and every facility is afforded, it is just possible for one here and there to make a farm in the prairie. In Missouri, such instances even yet are rare. In Northern Illinois, with all its facilities, its rich prairies lay virtually a waste until railroads were made through them.

Such are some of the difficulties which have driven those sent out by the Emigrant Aid Societies back to the towns of the East; which have compelled so many of those who *emigrated* from the non-slaveholding States to return. Of those from the non-slaveholding States who remain, the substantial men of means and intelligence, a large proportion, so soon as they are enabled to see slavery as it really exists, are freed from their prejudices, and from sheer necessity become slaveholders, for no other labour can be had. While, then, prairie is so unsuited to the poor man, on the other hand, to the man who can command labour, and who has one or more slaves, it presents many and great inducements.

The outlay, it is true, demands some actual capital. The house must be built by a workman—must be paid for—yet, it is not to be supposed that the cost is very heavy. At first, the settlers must be content with small houses—with only the *necessary rooms*. A framed house will, hence, cost but little. The unlimited supply of the best building-stone, the blue and grey limestone, will render stone houses as cheap as framed. The lime can be burned on the ground.

As I have said, the greatest difficulty is in the command of the requisite labour—the hands and team necessary to break and inclose the land. To one who has this, it is far easier and cheaper to make a farm of one hundred acres or more in the prairie than in the timber. Indeed, in Missouri it is deemed better and cheaper in the end to make a farm of 300 acres in the prairie and to haul the rails ten miles than to clear the timbered land.

The plough used will turn over from 20 to 26 inches, and one team will break from two to two and a half acres per day. The cattle require no other feed, but will keep fat on the grass while at work. The proper season for breaking prairie is from the first of May to the middle of July, up to which time corn can be planted. The corn is dropped in the furrow, by a boy who can sit on the plough, and is covered by the plough. It will usually mature and make good corn if planted as early as the 1st of June. That planted later will make good stock feed.

Prairie may be broken as late as the middle of August, and will, if sown, yield a wheat crop equal to any that can be afterwards grown on the ground.

To one who has stock to feed, the crop of corn on the sod is always worth the cost of breaking, and will, in a good season, pay for breaking and enclosing.

In the second year, the farm is in perfect condition! There are no stumps, but the sod is rotted, and your field, clear of weeds and grass, is light and mellow as an ash-bank. In the prairie, too, a band can cultivate one-third more than in the timber.

A prairie farm will pay for itself three times over before a farm can be cleared in the timber.

I find a very common error prevailing, as to prairie, among the citizens of the Atlantic States—it is, that prairie is always flat. On the contrary, until a country is settled, much the larger portion of the prairie is high and rolling. The prairies are caused by fire, and the low wet lands, not burning so readily, are more often covered with timber. So soon as the fires are kept down, the prairies will put up timber—in many places, the hazel will spring up in one year, timber follows immediately, and in a few years the timber will grow faster than it can be used.

Such are some of the inducements to those who can command labour, to those who have, say one or more slaves, to settle in Kansas.

I ought here to say that both in Missouri and Kansas the winters are always dry, and with but little snow, and hence hands are able to work during the entire winter. Consumption, too, is almost unheard of among us.

2. *Is slave labour profitable in Kansas?*

As yet no opportunity to obtain its value has been given; I can hence only refer you to its value in Missouri, and say that, lying in the same latitude, immediately west and alongside of Missouri, the soil and climate of Kansas cannot differ materially from those of Missouri. I am inclined to believe that Kansas will prove even healthier than Missouri, there being less low marshy land in Kansas. There can thus be no reason why slave labour should not be as profitable in Kansas as in Missouri.

Anticipating that such inquiries might be made during my visit to Virginia, before leaving home, I procured from intelligent farmers in Platte, a county bordering on Kansas, a statement showing the amount of land which one hand can cultivate, with the yield per acre, and the market price of the products at home. I have no hesitation in attesting its correctness.

Amount of land to hand, and yield per acre:

Hemp—7 to 8 acres,	800 to 1,200 pounds.
Corn—10 to 15 acres,	10 to 20 barrels.
Wheat—10 to 15 acres,	20 to 45 bushels.
Oats—10 to 15 acres,	30 to 50 bushels.

Value of products at home:

Hemp—2 1-2 tuns, at $80 per tun,	$200
Corn—100 bbls., at $1 per bbl.,	100
Wheat—5 acres—100 bushels, at 80 cents per bushel,	80
Oats—5 acres—150 bushels, at 30 cents per bushel,	45
Total least yield, at lowest price,	$425
Hemp—4 1-2 tons, at $130 per tun,	585
Corn—300 barrels, at $2 per barrel,	600
Wheat—5 acres—225 bushels, at $1 per bushel,	225
Oats—5 acres—250 bushels, at 40 cents per bushel,	100
Greatest yield, at highest price	$1,510

This will, doubtless, seem an extravagant estimate; yet the quotations of the markets will show that the maximum prices are less than the present market prices. Hemp has sold during the past season for $150 per ton. Wheat is worth $1 25 per bushel and corn $3 per barrel. The yield, too, is often greater than the highest. But it is not less true that the greatest yield and highest price are not often together. My object is rather to show the least yield and the lowest price. Negroes—field hands—have hired for some years in Western Missouri at prices which could not be paid if their labour were less valuable than as above stated. Men at from $180 to $250; women at from $80 to $150 per annum, the hirer paying all expenses and losing all time of sickness, the owner at no charge. A woman, with two children, will bring from $60 to $90; and girls, from ten to thirteen years of age, from $40 to $60 per annum. I now pay for one, about ten years of age, $6 per month by the year. I need hardly say that negroes must be healthy and profitable, or farmers could not pay such prices.

3. *Is it safe to take slaves to Kansas now?*

Of this there can be no doubt. They are less likely to escape than from Missouri; are further from the underground railroads and hiding places of the Abolitionists; while the people of the Territory are more on the alert, and watch more closely those who would steal them.

From the law there can be no danger. Slaves are now, and have been for years, in the Territory, so that slavery, in fact, is already established. I need not say to you that no lawyer, unless he be an Abolitionist, will pretend that any positive law is necessary to make slavery legal. But, "to vindicate the truth of history," I ought to say that the veriest school-boy must know, as a matter of history, that although slavery existed in all the old States, in not one was a law ever enacted to establish it. Laws have been passed recognising its existence after it had an existence; never to establish it before it existed. It has been abolished, not by the repeal of laws establishing or permitting it, but by laws positively and expressly prohibiting it. Without such prohibitory laws, it would now exist in every State in the Union. Until such laws are enacted by some competent legislative power, slavery is legal in Kansas. Such laws will never be enacted! Whatever might have been the result if Abolitionists had not attempted to force the people of the Territory, their movements have "fixed the fact." They cannot harm us now.

Land offices are already established, and the land will be surveyed immediately; it will be offered for sale in some twelve or eighteen months at most. In the meantime occupancy gives title by preëmption to 160 acres. When ready for sale, the preëmptor enters it at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. We can estimate its then value by the present value of land in the border counties of Missouri. In the counties on the Missouri River, adjoining Kansas, land is worth from $10 to $15 per acre. In Platte, the county in which I reside, land within fifteen miles of Weston cannot be bought for less than $25, while much of it will bring $50 per acre. There is no reason why land separated from ours by a river, or only an imaginary line, should be less valuable. To a distance of one hundred and fifty miles west, the soil is but little, if any, inferior to that of Missouri. Its great staples must be Hemp and Tobacco—articles for the cultivation of which negro labour is almost indispensable. I need hardly say that the grains and grasses will all succeed where Hemp and Tobacco can be grown.

I have said that Kansas was not suited to the poor man; I only intended to refer to those who design to till the ground. But to the poor mechanic it offers great inducements. To all carpenters especially, and to stone and brick masons, it will give constant employment at high wages. The rudest beginner receives $1 50 per day—good workmen, as journeymen, receive, in regular employment, from $2 to $3 per day. Their expenses are light, the cost of living being low.

To all mechanics who are not Abolitionists, I will guarantee ample compensation.

Those who have more slaves than can be profitably employed in opening a farm can, in the meantime, hire out the remainder, including the women and those too young to render much service in the fencing and breaking the ground, at the prices I have stated, in Kansas and Missouri. Thus, by the time they will need the money to enter the land, they can realize enough to enter all they may need.

The great facilities now afforded by railroads and steamboats render a removal to Kansas, even from the Atlantic States, a light matter. Railroads from Virginia, Carolina and Georgia, are now extended to the Ohio and Mississippi, on which steamboats are almost hourly passing to St. Louis; thence, daily packets leave for the Upper Missouri river, during all but two or three winter months, reaching Kansas in from three to four days. Emigrants from the Atlantic States can thus reach Kansas in from six to ten days, at, too, but little expense, and without danger or trouble from the Abolitionists. Below Cincinnati, there is no danger—even there, a little caution will secure slaves against escape. The expenses from the Atlantic States will be from $50 to $80, to those who take cabin passage. Deck passage on the boats, in which the emigrant provides his own fare, will not cost more than half the above prices.

I find I have made my letter longer than I contemplated. But the interesting nature of the inquiries must be my excuse. You will, therefore, I hope, pardon me, and believe me your obedient servant,

B. F. STRINGFELLOW.

SLAVEHOLDING APPRECIATION OF WOMAN.

THE *Detroit Tribune* of the 15th says, a Miss Gibson, from Maysville, Ky., passed over the river on that day, having arrived in safety by the underground railroad from Toledo; and adds that "What makes this case one of unusual interest is the fact that Miss G. is as white as any of our lady readers who will con this paragraph. Unless informed of the fact, no one would have the remotest suspicion that she had a drop of negro blood in her veins. Her eyes are blue, her hair brown, her complexion fair and clear. She is very intelligent, and her appearance really prepossessing."

"The impersonation of the high-born aristocrat" who owned Miss Gibson is not given. The superb chivalry which would keep such a fair chattel should be known, but in default of such knowledge, let us imagine a public dinner, and the company, with that chivalrous man present, and the proceedings at Toast No. 13:

Woman! (Nine cheers.)
"O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
&c., &c., &c."

[Immense applause, the whole company rising and using their glasses, some breaking them.]

The gallant Colonel Fitz Specimen of Ky., being called upon to respond to this toast, rises and speaks as follows:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: It is a time-honoured custom to toast Woman at public dinners; and, what is more, to reserve the toast till the close of the feast; when our hearts are warmest, and, under the inspiration of jolly Bacchus, our feelings mellowest (cheers and laughter). Woman! What shall not be said in her favour? When too young to know love or gratitue, we are nurtured at her breast, and her tenderness glows in the ratio of our helplessness and infant sorrows. When a little older, the first beam of divine feeling comes from the rainbow of undefined passion which over-arches our existence, even in the dawn of youth (applause and disorder). Then in our days of ripened passion, what makes the stars shine, the flowret perfume, the grove vocal—what makes life worth the toil of existence but the love of woman! O, how poor, how mean is our boasted ambition, our public honours, our private labours, without her smile! (Applause and hiccoughs.) But how doubly, triply, quadruply blest are we in this land of liberty, where alone woman is respected and protected by the law! Look at Europe, and you find her ever and everywhere doomed to the coarsest toils. War's greatest martyr, and the shame of Peace! She plows, digs, delves, carries loads, plays scavenger, descends into coal pits, is habitually prostituted—the centre of civilization, Paris even, showing one lost daughter to every three that are born ('shame! shame!' and groans). But in our own country—the land of the free and the home of the brave—Woman first finds a place due her honour, nobility and tenderness. Here she is respected. Free as virtue can render her, respected, beloved, venerated—this is her Paradise (cheering and hiccoughing *ad libitum*). Go where you will in the thirty-one States, and a halo of idolatry encircles her fair brow! (A gentleman who hiccoughs—'All except niggers.') The gentleman need not correct me—I said *fair* brow (great cheering and laughter). Woman, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, now and forever—God bless her!"

Need we add that, beyond a doubt, the gallant Colonel sat down amid loud applause, long continued, and that in spite of his speech, Miss Gibson found it necessary to run away from his proprietorship.—*Tribune.*

From The (London) Empire.

DEFENCE.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MANCHESTER ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE, AND OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE GLASGOW EMANCIPATION SOCIETY.

RESPECTED FRIENDS: Deputed by formal resolutions, unanimously passed by your bodies, to represent you at the Anti-Slavery Conference held in London on the 29th and 30th of November last, I consider it a duty to you and to myself to offer to your notice some observations on certain inaccurate and injurious statements, contained in a report of the proceedings of the Conference, published in the *Anti-Slavery Advocate* of this month.

These statements I will set forth in the first place, and reply to in the second.

1. In an editorial introduction it is said, "the leading members of the New Broad street Committee have declared that no consideration could induce them to recognise the American Anti-Slavery Society, although they were willing to pass, and did pass, a general resolution of sympathy with the American Abolitionists. *It was the opinion of Mr. George Thompson that the general resolution should be accepted.*"

2. In a foot-note to a paragraph taken from the *Empire*, purporting to give, in a few lines, the substance of a speech made by me in the Conference, the editor of the *Advocate* says:

"*No other report of the Conference, amongst many which have reached us, makes* ANY MENTION *of the speech of Mr. Thompson thus succinctly reported, nor of any other allusion by him to the American Anti-Slavery Society.*"

3. The Rev. Francis Bishop, in a letter to the *Advocate*, dated November 30 (the second day of the Conference), giving an account of the proceedings, "whilst its transactions were fresh in his memory," says that, "after a private interview with Mr. Sturge," I joined the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and "*recommended them to agree to the wishes of the Committee.*" . . . "We were in a great difficulty, and did not like to oppose Mr. Thompson's judgment. But I could not feel satisfied in my own mind, *after all he said*, that it was right to *adopt his recommendation.*"

4. Mr. Bishop, after speaking of his proposition to insert a clause in the general resolution, "recognising the American Anti-Slavery Society, *and* the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society," mentions the support he received from the Rev. Mr. James, and *his own cheerful withdrawal of the proposal he had made;* but he does not again refer to me—the inference from his omission, which I doubt not was unintentional, being, that during the discussion which was occasioned by his amendment, *I was wholly silent.*

5. "A delegate," writing from Manchester, Dec. 11, to the *Advocate*, ascribes the *amendment* to the resolution entirely to Mr. Bishop, and, referring to the debate which took place upon it, says—"Mr. G. Thompson *was silent all this time*, except that I *think* he said, '*hear, hear,*' when the American Anti-Slavery Society was named. He *afterwards* made a short speech, the substance of which was given in the *Empire*, and which ended in his recommending peace."

6. The Editor of the *Advocate* says that the Broad street Committee, in inviting the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society to London, at an inclement season of the year, and putting them to expense and trouble, "must have known" they were *encouraging expectations* which they had not only no intention to realize, *but were determined, as far as lay in their power, to frustrate.*" From the above excerpts you will perceive that I am represented as one with the Broad street Committee, in a desire to omit from their resolution all mention of the American Anti-Slavery Society—that I recommended to the friends of the American Society compliance with the Committee's resolution—that I was silent in the Conference when others were defending the American Anti-Slavery Society, and that I described myself in my own journal, the *Empire*, as making a speech, and in it eulogising the American Anti-Slavery Society, when the fact was, *I never made any speech at all, and never uttered a word about the American Anti-Slavery Society during the entire sittings of the Conference.* Finally, that I was *particeps criminis* with persons who had formed a deliberate resolution "to frustrate, as far as lay in their power, the hopes of the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society."

I shall rest my vindication against these grave charges, and still graver insinuations, upon a simple, but sternly truthful, narrative of events; and shall freely mention *names*, intending, when I do so, to put the persons specified in the witness-box, to be examined by the *Advocate.*

On the return of Mr. Chamerovzow from his autumnal tour on the Continent, I visited him, and spent an entire day with him. From morning until evening, our conversation had reference to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and to the treatment it had received at the hands of the Broad street Committee. Mr. Chamerovzow can never, I think, forget that day; nor will he deny that, with as much earnestness as the most devoted champion of the American Anti-Slavery Society ever felt or manifested, I advocated the claims of my Transatlantic friends. The afternoon of that day was nearly all devoted to a consideration of the principles on which the coming Conference should be held, and for more than an hour *I urged the propriety of that special mention of the American Society which Mr. Bishop recommended to the Conference.*

Thus matters remained until the 28th of November. On that day I went to the Anti-Slavery Office, in Broad street, to solicit permission to see the resolution on the subject of America, as I expected several friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society at my office in the evening. The resolution was not then ready. I met, at Broad street, Mr. Joseph Cooper, Mr. Allsop, and Mr. Chamerovzow. I have since thought I did not, on that occasion, act with due decorum, for, under the influence of strong emotions, I arraigned in severe language the past conduct of the Committee to which those gentlemen belonged, and at the same time vindicated, with a warmth which carried me away, my beloved friends in the United States. Mr. Cooper was the gentleman to whom I addressed myself. He heard my complaints with attention. I will not violate confidence by quoting, without his knowledge and consent, what he said; but I am at liberty to assert that he did not utter a word in disparagement of those whose cause I espoused, but, on the contrary, showed a perfectly catholic, liberal and Christian spirit. In the evening Mr. Chamerovzow called upon me with that resolution, which Mr. Bishop has described "as full and outspoken, and admirable, as far as it went." I read it with care. It did not satisfy me. I said, "You do not mention the American Anti-Slavery Society." Mr. Chamerovzow said, "No, but it is included, and it has been considered desirable, under all the circumstances, to make the resolution *general.* You will see that the resolution embraces substantially those which were passed at Manchester." I reminded him that the Manchester Conference passed one with special reference to the American Society, and I urged with much pertinacity the propriety and duty of a special recognition of that body. I said: "But for past differences between the American Anti-Slavery Society and your body, the resolution would be unexceptionable; but considering those differences, and your avowed desire that they should cease, it is my opinion that there should be a distinct notice of the American Anti-Slavery Society." He repeated that "the Committee had embraced that Society in their resolution from its commencement; but for special reasons, *not unfriendly to that Society*, it had been thought advisable to speak in general terms."

I continued, however, to press the claim of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and at last my suggestion was minuted on the margin of the resolution, and the interview ended.

On the following day, between the morning and afternoon sittings of the Conference, the following persons met together—namely, Messrs. Pillsbury, Bishop, James, Solly, Chesson, Farmer, Mathews Vincent, Mrs. Moore, Miss Whitelegge, and myself. At this meeting, a printed resolution was produced, identical with the one I had seen the evening before, but with the addition of a mention of the American *and* the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Societies. It was resolved by the friends present that it should be accepted by them when brought before the Conference. On my return to the Conference, Mr. Chamerovzow informed me that the Committee could not adopt this addition. My reply was, "Well, you know my mind upon the subject, and you must take the consequences of rejecting it." I was then invited to meet Mr. Sturge and Mr. Robert Forster on the matter, and did so. Let those gentlemen be asked to testify to what I said in their presence. They will bear witness that the American Anti-Slavery Society did not lack a devoted and enthusiastic advocate in me. I had a second interview with Mr. Sturge, at the close of the first day's session, when, with peculiar solemnity and emotion, he said he felt persuaded that future harmony and the cause of the slave would be best promoted by our allowing the resolution to pass in its original form. I reported the result of my interviews to the friends I have named, and quoted the words of Mr. Sturge, which were afterwards repeated in the Conference by Mr. Pillsbury. Those words were uttered, I believe, in the course of the first conversation. I had been giving my reasons in favour of the insertion of the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and Mr. Sturge said: "Well, George Thompson, my mind is made up, and I do not think anything thou couldst say would induce me to change it." Upon these words I apprehend is founded the assertion by the editor of the *Advocate*, that "*the leading members of the Committee* have declared, in words or in substance, that no consideration could induce them to recognise the American Anti-Slavery Society." Looking back upon the conversation which took place, and to the connection in which the words of Mr. Sturge occurred, I believe them to have meant simply that nothing I could say would be likely to change his opinion that the resolution should retain its original form. Let me add, that no expression of a similar kind fell from the lips of any other gentleman, and that from first to last not a disrespectful word was spoken of the American Society. On the following morning, I again saw Mr. Sturge, in company with Mr. Joseph Cooper. Mr. Sturge's opinion remained unchanged; but both gentlemen assured me that they earnestly desired future harmonious coöperation—that they would listen, not only with patience, but with pleasure, to whatever might be said in commendation of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and one of them added, "whatever may be said against us, we have made up our minds not to recriminate." I went from this interview into the presence of Messrs. Pillsbury, James, Solly, and Bishop, and reported what had been said. I must, however, emphatically DENY that, either at this or any previous meeting, I counselled an *acceptance* of the resolution in its original form, still less used arguments to *recommend* that course. I have the clearest possible recollection of saying, again and again, that every delegate must act upon his own judgment and conviction of duty. Mr. Bishop says truly, "we went into the room undecided," he himself having given no previous intimation of an intention to move an amendment. My own mind was in a state of the most painful perplexity. I had originally proposed the amendment, and I had done all that man could do to obtain its adoption. But I had heard reasons against it—I had been over and over again assured that the American Anti-Slavery Society was from the first embraced in it—and I was not ignorant of the hopelessness of any attempt to carry the amendment, in open Conference, in opposition to the views of the conveners of the Conference. I remembered, too, that in no conversation or correspondence in reference to the Conference had the special mention of the American Society been ever mooted—that the only test of sincerity, the only condition of future coöperation we were to require was the unsectarianism of the anti-slavery platform, and this had been practically conceded and acted upon, by the admission of all sects and all sexes, unquestioned, to the Conference. On the other hand, it had been repeatedly agreed to abstain, unless under direct provocation, from repeating any of the charges so often brought against the Broad street Society. Remembering all this, I entered the Conference while Mr. Sherman was proposing the resolution, *unprepared* (I cannot otherwise describe the state of my mind) *to divide the meeting* upon the proposition of which I, and I alone, was the author. Before I rose to speak, Mr. Bishop had proposed and "*cheerfully consented*" *to withdraw his amendment.* Mr. James, also, had seconded the amendment, and had likewise *consented to withdraw it.* All this time I confess I sat silent, as did many others; but in my case it was with the intention, had the friends with whom I had laboured been assailed, of defending them again, as I had so often done before.

And now I come to this *mythical* speech of mine, which the *Advocate* says is nowhere mentioned "amongst his many reports." The paragraph in the *Empire* was never seen by me until the paper was published, nor did I ever utter a word of direction respecting it. Between the 2nd and 9th of December, I had Mr. Farmer, the short-hand writer, at my house for the purpose of preparing a more full report of the proceedings. I told him I should omit my own speech, as I was anxious to do full justice to Mr. Pillsbury, and I devoted myself for many hours to the writing out of Mr. Pillsbury's speech from Mr. Farmer's dictation. On arriving with the copy at the printing-office, I found that there was not room for the half of what I had prepared, and I then acted to the best of my judgment, in giving that portion which referred to the American Board of Missions. The delegate from Manchester speaks of "*a more direct allusion to the American Anti-Slavery Society*, and to the men and women who work for the cause, than is stated in that report." Let Mr. Pillsbury say whether, in the report of the portion of his most able speech which I have given, there was an allusion made by him which was suppressed; and whether, not the report, but *I*, deserve the insinuation so ingeniously thrown out.

But though I did not report a speech made by myself, I nevertheless *did make one.* That speech is given in the *Empire* of last week, from the notes of Mr. Farmer. The *Advocate*, to whom it has been sent, will have sixteen days to ascertain who has imposed upon him—the man who has put his name to that speech, as delivered by him on the 30th of November, at the London Tavern, or the authors of his *many reports*—all of which ignore it. If it had occurred to the editor of the *Advocate* to have sent me a line, he should have had from me all the information he could have desired; but he did not, and hence the necessity for this long letter of explanation.

It will soon be twenty-two years since a young man accosted me on the pavement in front of the King's Arms Tavern, Key street, Cheapside. That young man was WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. The American Anti-Slavery Society was not then in existence. Before Mr. Garrison left England, I was pledged to join him in the United States. Before sailing, I formed more than twenty Societies for aiding the American Abolitionists. On my return from the field in America, I traversed the length and breadth of Great Britain, making known the principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and enlisting the energies and affections of my countrymen and countrywomen in its behalf. I made the names of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON and MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN household words. When 1840 came, and with it those differences and dissensions which have prevailed ever since, I conferred not with flesh and blood, but remained true to the American Anti-Slavery Society. Let Mr. Garrison say if he found me less true in 1846, when he once more came to this country, or in 1850-51, when I revisited America. Let the people of Bristol and the Tower Hamlets say if I was less true on my return, and let William Wells Brown say if I was less true down to the moment that he quitted these shores. What then have I done to deserve the cruel imputations cast upon me through nine pages of the *Advocate?* Let the authors of those imputations say. My own conscience acquits me. If I abstained from accusation and invective at the late Conference, my motive was as pure as that of any person who took an opposite course, and my desire to promote the cause of the American Anti-Slavery Society was equally as strong. Others did their duty as they understood it, and I honour them for their deed—I did mine as I understood and felt it, and as the oldest and most tried friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society in this country might have been allowed the right of private judgment—at least by the *Advocate. Et tu Brute?*

The object of this letter is accomplished, and I therefore conclude. Time will show whether I have been too much influenced by the assurances and pledges of men whom the *Advocate* says are able, by their coöperation, to be "a material help to the true anti-slavery workers, if their help can be honourably obtained." If I have been, I shall, on being convinced, be eager to repair my error. In the meantime, I shall remain what I have ever been, the vigilant and uncompromising friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society—none the less so because of the mistakes which I have now endeavoured to correct.

Awaiting your impartial judgment on my conduct as your representative in the late Conference, I remain, faithfully yours,

GEORGE THOMPSON.

London, Jan. 15, 1855.

ANNUAL REPORTS—EXPLANATORY STATEMENT.

[THE following explanation of the circumstances attending the much to be regretted interruption in the series of Reports of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies forms the introduction to the admirable "Annual Statement of the General Agent" of the latter (the Rev. S. MAY, Jr.), presented at the Anniversary recently held in Boston. We regret that it was not forwarded to us in time to appear in our last, together with the proceedings of which it formed an important part.—*Eds. Standard.*]

The General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in presenting another annual statement of the operations of the Society, cannot withhold the expression of his regret—in which all the members of the Society, and all the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, cannot but largely share—at the interruption in the series of Annual Reports which, for twenty-one years, so faithfully chronicled not only the Society's history, but that of the entire movement in the United States, and in other countries also, against the gigantic wrong of Slavery. By an arrangement entered into, somewhat more than a year since, between the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society and the managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, the latter agreed to transfer, if we may so term it, its Annual Report to the former. There were many reasons for this course, and an evident propriety in the arrangement. In the first place, the American Society—the central, parent organization—had had no Annual Report for many years, owing mainly to the fact that the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania State Societies each published annually a full report—to say nothing of others by various local Societies. These reports supplied all the seeming needs of the cause, and in reality rendered a third Report, of a like full and comprehensive character, almost superfluous. Still, there remained the manifest impropriety that the American Anti-Slavery Society—the *national* organization, and that which chiefly represented, both at home and abroad, the associated movement against Slavery—should allow year by year to pass by without uttering its own special word upon the subject. The thorough and admirable manner in which the two of its principal auxiliaries (already referred to) did the work of annually gathering up the statistics of the cause, and the abundant material for its history, did not seem a sufficient reason or justification of its silence. Besides, the two State Reports were already, in the main, national in their character. It seemed, therefore, that there was little more to do than to provide that one of these Reports should be made to the Annual Meeting of the American Society, and be published in its name, and this deficiency in its annual operations would at once become satisfactorily supplied. It was accordingly suggested, in many quarters, that the Massachusetts Society should surrender its Annual Report, and that, from that time forward, it should be made and published in the name of the American Society. In this way no real loss would be sustained by the Massachusetts Society, while

assistance of some power far more important than any material means at their disposal. The multiplication of political issues in the free States prevents the selection of legislators with pure anti-slavery sentiments. Mr. Adams alluded to the combination against Roman Catholics and foreigners, in its bearing upon the Slavery question, and feared, while it had drawn gentlemen distinguished for "saving the Union" into another field of action (and thus given a gain so far), that it had also withdrawn many who had been friends of the slave. Slaveholders themselves may not be disinclined to join this order, because they have no particular reason to like foreigners, the greater part of whom settle in and improve the free States; and thus, in their own States, they will probably wield this new organization for their own purposes. In the free States, the operation would be to deprive honest anti-slavery men of the support of those former friends who had joined the private association, because they are bound to support their brother members against all who are not of the order.

Surely, the men who sought to reduce the Irishman, the German, the Swede, to a condition not much above that of the slave would not be much improved by that practice in their qualifications for freeing the negro slave. The great national question should be one only, namely, opposition to slavery. Mr. Adams censured all secret associations for political purposes; if such an association were ever going to aid toward emancipation, the desirability of the aid should be seriously doubted. Had such patriotism as this prevailed in the heroic days of the Republic, when honour, courage and capacity meant patriotism — Washington could not have run the career he did; and noble and valiant foreigners—such as La Fayette and Montgomery—would have been pushed aside in favour of the treason of a native Arnold, or the trickery of a native Burr. Washington himself, when assailed by a secret association, did not stoop to secret resistance. The exclusiveness that even now is winging its way from Japan must not take its stand on the heights of the Alleghanies or the Rocky Mountains. Why do secretly what may be done openly and boldly? The hope of any great cause lies in the unity of idea with which it is pursued. What should be done is to dislodge the slave-owner from the places of power; to elect no President who is of, or serves, the Slave Power; and to prevent all extension of its territory. The effort to do the country good against its will supplies the patriot with his noblest aspiration.

Mr. Adams was listened to with attention, and frequently applauded.—*Tribune*, 31*st*.

THE RESCUERS RESCUED.

EXCITEMENT AT MILWAUKEE.

BOOTH AND RYECRAFT TAKEN TO MADISON.

From The Milwaukee Sentinel, Jan. 30.

We announced in yesterday's paper the granting of writs of *habeas corpus* by our Supreme Court, in the cases of Messrs. Booth and Ryecraft, fined and imprisoned by Judge Miller, for alleged violations of the Fugitive Slave Act, and the return made to those writs by the United States Marshal, Mr. Ableman, and our Sheriff, Mr. Conover. It being understood that the Sheriff would start for Madison, with his prisoners, yesterday morning, handbills were printed and posted about the city during Saturday night, inviting the people to assemble at the County jail, at 7 o'cock Monday morning, to escort Messrs. Booth and Ryecraft to the Railroad Depôt. Punctually at the hour named, the church began to ring out a joyous peal, and the cannon sent forth its thundering summons, and, obedient to the signal, the people, from all parts of the city, came hurrying to the Court-House Square. In a very few minutes, nearly a thousand men had collected on the ground, and, being marshalled in procession by Dr. E. B. Wolcott, with a band of music, in a four-horse sleigh, on the lead, and the Sheriff, with his prisoners, in another four-horse sleigh, in the centre, the imposing column marched through Jackson, Wisconsin, Spring and Third streets, to the Railroad Depôt. As they passed Judge Miller's residence, the band struck up "Jordan is a hard road to travel," and the procession groaned audibly; and at the residence of Mr. Booth and other points on the route, they gave repeated cheers. The morning was cold and tempestuous, the deep snow and driving blast disposing everybody to keep within doors. Nevertheless, the turn-out was unpectedly large, and the spirit which animated the entire assemblage unmistakable.

Arrived at the depôt, Messrs. Booth and Ryecraft, in obedience to the call of the multitude, got upon the top of the cars, were saluted with three thundering cheers, and briefly expressed their acknowledgments to their fellow-citizens for their countenance and sympathy. Shortly afterward, the train, drawn by two powerful locomotives, and with thirty or forty men on board, headed by the Superintendent, to clear the track from the constantly falling snow, started off for Madison. We presume that our Supreme Court will lose no time in hearing and deciding the matter, and that in two or three days we shall be able to announce the result to our readers. That it will be favourable to the cause of Liberty and Right, of Law and Order, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt.

In *The Sentinel* of the 30th, we find the proceedings of one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever convened in Milwaukee, held on the evening of the 26th ult. Eloquent addresses were made by C. K. Watkins, George Paine, E. D. Holton, W. P. Flanders, Judge R. W. Smith, and John H. Tweedy, and the following resolutions adopted:

Resolved, That we desire to record our earnest and emphatic protest against the manner, as well as the results, of the recent rescue trials in this city—that we regard the course pursued by the officers of the U. S. Court, in empannelling the Grand and Petit Juries, as a gross and inexcusable outrage upon Law and Right—that we look upon the conduct of the Judge who tried the cases as a mockery of justice and a libel upon the Bench—that we sympathize deeply with the victims of Judicial tyranny, Official wrong, and oppressive and unconstitutional Legislation, and that our hearts are with them in the prison to which they have been confined, and our hands are ready to liquidate the penalties unjustly imposed upon them.

Resolved, That we regard the Fugitive Slave Act as at war with every principle of Justice; repugnant to every instinct of Humanity; revolting to every sentiment of Freedom; a foul reproach to American Legislation, and a disgrace to the age in which we live.

Resolved, That, believing this Fugitive Slave Act to be wrong in itself and in gross violation of our Constitutional rights, and heartily responding to the decision of our State Supreme Court, which has pronounced that act unconstitutional and void, we hold that it has no binding effect upon us or ours, and we repudiate all obligation to obey its unlawful and unconstitutional requirements.

Resolved, That we call upon the Legislature of this State, now assembled, to do whatsoever in them lies to protect the citizens of this State from the pains and penalties of this inhuman and illegal act; to prohibit all magistrates or other officers, holding office by virtue of any law of this State, from rendering any official assistance in the capture or detention of any persons claimed as fugitives from slavery, and to forbid the use of all jails or prisons for the confinement of persons arrested or convicted under the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Act.

Resolved, That we call upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress to make instant and earnest efforts to blot out from our American statute book an act which elevates kidnapping into a virtue, and degrades humanity to a crime.

Resolved, That the people of this State be invited to send in to the address of the officers of this meeting, or any one of them, such sums—in no case exceeding $1 per man—as they may think fit to contribute toward the payment of the fine and costs (amounting to $1,461) imposed upon S. M. Booth, and the fine of $200 imposed upon John Ryecraft, for alleged violation of the Fugitive Slave Act.

Three of the jurors who found the verdict against Booth stultified themselves by adopting the following resolution:

"Resolved, That while we feel ourselves bound by a solemn oath to perform a most painful duty, in declaring the defendant guilty of the above charge, and thus making him liable to the penalties of a most cruel and odious law, yet, at the same time, in so doing, we declare that he performed a most noble, benevolent and humane act, and we thus record our condemnation of the Fugitive Slave law, and earnestly commend him to the clemency of the Court."

Mr. Booth publishes affidavits from eight different persons, who testify that William Finkler and Joseph R. Treat, two of the jurors who tried the case, expressed the opinion, before the trial commenced, that Booth ought to be convicted. Russel Wheeler says:

"I informed said Treat that there was great trouble in getting a Jury in said case, as they were against giving a verdict of guilty from conscientious scruples. He, the said Treat, replied, 'Let them put me on, and ask me if I have any conscientious scruples, and I would tell them damned quick, No, Sir, not for being engaged in such a riot.'

"In a minute or two after said conversation, I went out of said Walker House, and saw Charles C. Cotton, the said Deputy Marshal, coming along. I told said Cotton that said Treat was in there, and was just the man he wanted, for he had expressed himself on their side, and said he would go it. The said Cotton, in reply to me, remarked, 'Well!' and went in immediately and told said Treat to come."

John Ryecraft testifies that he had a conversation with Treat, about the first of August, and he said that "Booth was guilty, damn him, and that he ought to be convicted," and he, the said Treat, wished that he could get on the jury to convict him; and that he wished he had the said Booth in a nine pound cannon, and he would shoot him to hell, damn him; and said Treat repeated expressions similar to the above several times, excepting the statement as to shooting the said Booth to hell; which was used but once, and that said conversation was directed by said Treat to me."

The *Madison Journal* gives the following decision of the Court upon the question of granting the writ of *habeas corpus*. The Court was unanimous:

On announcing the decision, Chief Justice Whiton remarked that they had decided to grant the prayer of the petitioners, and that the grounds for his decision would be given in his opinion after the trial. Justice Crawford, who dissented from the decision declaring the Fugitive Slave act unconstitutional, pronounced last summer, said that assuming that act to be constitutional, the petitioners were entitled to a writ of habeas corpus, since *no crime* was alleged in the indictment under which they were convicted. Justice Smith took a still more decided stand and declared the Fugitive Slave act unconstitutional, and, therefore, void, and that no indictment could lay under it.

THE VOICE OF MICHIGAN.

The following Preamble and Resolutions have been adopted by the Legislature of Michigan (in the Senate by a vote of 22 to 5, and in the House 48 to 23), and forwarded to the Senators and Representatives of that State in Congress. Senators Cass and Stuart are understood to be supporters of the Democratic doctrine of Instructions, but, in this case, they decline either to obey or to resign.

Whereas, Slavery is regarded by the people of this State as a great moral, social and political evil, at war with the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and the great object contemplated by our forefathers in establishing the Constitution of the United States; an impediment to the prosperity of our common country, and an element of domestic weakness and discord; and

Whereas, The people of Michigan owe it to the early and prudent exercise of the power of Congress over the Territories of the United States, in applying the anti-slavery restriction contained in the ordinance of 1787, that she is not now a slave-holding State; and

Whereas, The people have, heretofore, through their Legislature, repeatedly and earnestly remonstrated against the further extension of slavery in the national Territories; and

Whereas, Our present Senators and two of our Representatives in Congress did, at the session thereof now last past, vote for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, so called, and for the passage of an act organizing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, thereby permitting Slavery to be introduced into a region equal in extent to the thirteen original States, from which territory, by the solemn legislative compact of 1820, it was forever excluded; and

Whereas, Such repeal has been effected without petition, without discussion by the people, and in defiance of the well-known wishes and opinions of a large majority of the people of this State, and of the United States; and

Whereas, The violation by Congress of the compact of 1820 has released the people of this State from all obligation to respect Congressional compromises for the extension and perpetuation of Slavery; therefore

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Michigan, That we hold the said repeal and the permission granted by said Territorial act to introduce Slavery into said Territories, as a violation of a mutual compact between the free States and the slaveholding States of the Union; justified by no necessity present or prospective; injurious to the rights of the former; tending to interrupt the internal harmony of the country, and to frustrate the well-known purpose of the framers of the Constitution, who, by gradual legislation, designed ultimately to put an end to slavery.

Resolved, That we are opposed to the further extension of slavery, or the recognition or permission thereof in any territory now owned or which may hereafter be acquired by the United States.

Resolved, That we hold it to be within the constitutional powers of Congress to abolish slavery and the slave-trade in all Territories of the United States and in the District of Columbia, and that it is their duty, in view of the great and permanent interests of the nation, to pass laws for its immediate suppression and extinction in all such Territories, and in said District.

Resolved, That our Senators in Congress be, and that they are hereby instructed, and our Representatives requested to vote for and use their best exertions to procure the passage of an Act of Congress that shall prohibit the introduction or existence of Slavery in any of the territories of the United States, and especially in Kansas and Nebraska, and to introduce without delay, a bill for this latter purpose.

Resolved, That the Act of Congress of 1850, known as the Fugitive Slave Law, was, in the opinion of the people of this State, an unnecessary measure; that it contains provisions of doubtful constitutionality; that the mode of proceeding under it is harsh, unjust, and repugnant to the moral sense of the people of the States, cruel and despotic toward the person claimed as a fugitive, and that we are in favour of its immediate repeal.

Resolved, That our Senators in Congress be, and they are hereby instructed, and our Representatives requested to use their best exertions to procure the immediate repeal of the act of 1850, known as the Fugitive Slave Law.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to furnish copies of the foregoing preamble and resolutions to our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

MR. POPE, THE SLAVE-CATCHER.

From the Montreal Gazette, February 3, 1855.

There is a point at which contempt becomes curiosity, and an example of this is furnished by Mr. John H. Pope, in a letter, which we publish below, addressed to us. This letter appears in a paper called the *Democratic Union*, pretty well filled with advertisements about slaves for sale and run away, and published at Frederick, in Maryland. We therefore receive Mr. Pope's letter in print, and with the introduction of the *Union*, it appears below. We hesitated some time before we decided to waste space in the insertion of such unmitigated trash; and we only resolved to do so on the reflection that it reached such a point of contempt as to become curiosity. We dealt somewhat roughly with this Mr. Pope some days ago, for an attempt to tamper with our Chief of Police, and by that means kidnap fugitive slaves from Canada. Here is his letter, with the introduction of the *Union*:

"The Baltimore *Sun* having published, some days ago, a letter copied from the Montreal *Gazette*, and purporting to come from our townsman, J. H. Pope, Esq., he sent the following communication to them for publication, but not appearing in that journal, we have, by request, given it a place in ours.

"*To the Editor of the Montreal Gazette:*

"Frederick, January 16th, 1855.

"Sir: Properly to reply to the article in your paper, commentig on a letter received by the Sheriff of your city, would be impossible, as I have been unable, as yet, to obtain the article, and can only speak of it as I gather its import from the Baltimore *Sun*.

"The generous reception, and still more generous treatment which you promise, in anticipation of my coming, is fully appreciated, and is such as could be expected from one of her Royal Majesty's most loyal subjects.

"What a magnanimous people the Britons are! What sympathy for their fellow-creatures! The iron fetter which binds a race of men in slavery has ever been obnoxious to the Englishman, and on sea and land, wherever flag could float or soldier tread, the thunder of her voice has been heard bidding men be free and tyrants to cease to rule. A great people, whom God has prospered, and whose every effort for conquest and for fame has been gladdened with success. How Irishmen must love her Majesty for her advocacy of the rights of men. How they should venerate her as the keeper of their consciences and the mother protector of their spiritual condition! Oh, what a sin to keep the tawny Ethiop in slavery, and what a virtue to bind the noble Celt in chains!

"Her Majesty's Sheriff has, unintentionally, by giving publicity to my letter, accomplished the connection which I so much desired with Canada. Several letters have been received, and long before this letter reaches its destination, Officer Pope will have secured eight of her Majesty's loyal black subjects. Fear to come into Canada! Why, sir, with my dog Taylor, named after 'Old Zach,' and six good mountain riflemen, I would not hesitate to invade Canada—hang her Majesty's Sheriff—tar and feather her loyal loving editors, and place myself at the head of affairs. Fear to enter Canada in pursuit of my honest calling! No, sir; the wife of that German Prince will soon be compelled to relinquish her American possessions, and the least violence offered an American citizen would only anticipate the event. Look out for my dog Taylor and myself, for as sure as there is a negro and an editor in Canada, that certain we will be there.

"Her Majesty's black regiment, composed of many negroes from Western Maryland, would likely to be the first to yield the ground, as many of them are familiar with the bark if not the bite of 'Taylor,' and her Majesty's editor, whom we suppose either black or tinctured with the blood, had better not be in command, for fear that our dog might want provision, and we would appropriate him for that purpose.

"In conclusion, we have only to say that her Majesty's Editor and her Majesty's Sheriff, have only to prepare to guard against an invasion which involves more than negroes, and which in result will give freedom to Canadians, emancipation to British slaves, and a defeat to that proud power which has ruled the wave and the land for the last two hundred years, save when Jackson with his forces beat them back at New Orleans.

"Now I have done with you, Mr. Editor, and have only to request that you will be honest, and give my honest sentiments to the world, then men may judge between us, and ascribe to each his proper share of praise. Yours,

"John H. Pope,
"Police Officer."

Who will decide, after pernsing this letter, that the dog is not the nobler animal? The man, save the mark, of course will prudently confine himself to talking balderdash, and operations on his own side of the lines.

Notwithstanding the reason we have above given for inserting this letter, we should still hardly have consented to do so, but that it may serve as a warning to people of colour not to allow themselves to be enticed by any plausible devices into the land of liberty, par excellence.

TREASON IN THE SENATE.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

Washington, Saturday, Feb. 3, 1855.

The variety of character in the Senate is a subject of study. Judge Evans, of South Carolina, a very sedate, and, I have no doubt, a very honest man, without a suspicion as to the righteousness of slaveholding, sits near Senator Wade, an equally honest man, but a most decided opponent of slavery. Somebody sends very regularly to Mr. Evans a copy of the *Liberator* (Garrison's paper), which he reads attentively, but with the most profound and even verdant astonishment. Turning to his friend from Ohio, he exclaims, "Isn't it *abominable* that such a paper should be allowed in this country?" "Why," says Senator Wade, "that's considered in our State as a most excellent family paper." "I am sorry to hear you say so," says the Judge, evidently much surprised.

The temper of the times was illustrated to-day. A Northern Senator, having read the appeal in the *Independent* for subscriptions to pay the fine of S. M. Booth, collected among his colleagues quite a handsome sum toward that object, which greatly shocked the loyal feelings of Douglas, Weller & Co.

An incident no less illustrative and significant occurred not long since. A slave applied to one of the Senators from a Western State for a contribution to purchase his freedom. "Why the devil don't you runaway?" asked the Senator, adding, "I can't give money to buy slaves." The poor fellow was turning away disappointed, and the rest of the company, the Southern portion especially, opened their eyes. "Here," said the Senator, calling the negro back, "here's ten dollars, take that and run away, but don't ask me for money to buy a slave."

Here you see what treasonable characters there are even in the Senate of the United States. And what is more, they seem to be increasing. But, as Senator Wade said to Douglas, "What are you going to do about it?"

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 10, 1855.

THE RELIGIOUS APPEAL.

A voice crieth: In the wilderness prepare ye the way of the Lord;
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
—Isaiah (according to late interpreters).

Besides the multitude who refuse to give any heed to the claims of the slave and to the sentiment now rising in behalf of emancipation, there are smaller numbers who cannot avoid, at least, occasional thought of the subject. The Abolitionists cry aloud, it is said, and spare not to proclaim the evils of slavery and the obligation to sever ourselves from them. They have earned the right to be called fanatics, disturbers of the peace, anything which attaches opprobrium to those who in all ages prefer truth to tradition, conscience to statute, justice to power, the rights of man to the will or interests of their country, the living God to the perishable deities of the place and the hour. But these are comparatively few; these few may not all of them be so profoundly penetrated by the religious spirit, as to have taken up their feeling and thought of freedom into the realms of faith and worship; some may possibly separate humanity from religion, and feel little respect for those secret elements, which, although their combined expression constitutes action, are yet covered over and hidden by action, as the gushings of the fountain are hidden by the forest. On the other side, it has been said often enough, the great mass of conscious and organized religion in our country stands over against the whole anti-slavery movement, not as a silent and rugged height, but as some mountain sending every now and then from its steep sides, here what looks like a vast and fearful avalanche, there and everywhere larger or smaller slides, as if, at least, to block the path, if not to stay wholly and forever the course of those who would walk in it. In theological language, the World casts us off; the visible Church casts us off; the invisible Church—our relation to that, we may seek and discover, but, for the present, hold in silence. Our aim at this time is something else.

So much has been said for the simple purpose of suggesting how small the audience which we may look for in the attempt to invite our countrymen to listen seriously and earnestly to the religious claims of our cause. Religion, forsooth, seems against us; government acts against us; politics, statutes, interests, all established organizations, are against us. It seems to us a wilderness, not of sweets, but of sours and bitters, not of smooth grounds shaded with beautiful trees, but of rough earth overgrown with thorns and briars, fierce voices as of wild beasts sounding through it; a desert, void of beauty and promise, swept by drifting sands and driving winds, full of sights and sounds all monstrous, fearful. What then? Is this really all?

A voice crieth: In the wilderness prepare ye the way of the Lord;
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Away with your nonsense! Keep your Bible in its place; talk of religion when it is suitable; we reverence the Lord as devoutly, we trust, as any; some of us pray quite often that the high way for our God may be made straight and open. But do not obtrude these solemn [themes on such unfit occasions. Business is business, and is religion is religion; let them know their distinct places. Government is government, and religion is religion; let them keep apart; Christianity retires into the closet, and sings its quiet song in the church, and goes to the afflicted to comfort them, to the sick that it may support them, to the dying that they may hope; there we do it homage and bid it welcome. But in ship or shop, in army or navy, in caucus or congress, meddling with the economies of the republic or the plantation, we cannot acknowledge it. It is alien there, interloper, busybody, insulting us, degrading and soiling itself. Such, we know full well, is the spirit, such the tone, not unlike are the very words, with which every, the humblest, voice of religious remonstrance against slavery is now met, has been met from the first.

We might wonder that the principle is not carried through. But it has been demanded, that pulpits should be profaned by eulogies of a dead politician; and preachers who were simply silent at his departure made their hearers angry, perhaps drove them from their congregations. Politics must not be preached; but sermons urging the claims of the Fugitive Slave Bill to respect and obedience, have been greeted with unequivocal applause. The voice calling men to obey the Higher Law—thanks to the providence which has made the mighty phrase a household word—must be suppressed; the voice calling men to obey the lower law—sanctioning by the name of God the injustice which men have framed into statute—must be cheered and repeated; such the strange seeming inconsistency! Such indeed the real inconsistency, were it so that men actually meant what they think themselves to mean. They do not. The real meaning is, Do not disturb us in our sins, if they be sins. Reconcile us, if you can, to our consciences. It is just what it was in the old times, when men could only ask their prophets to prophesy Peace. Men walking, especially when determined to continue walking, in their own ways of pleasure or will, have always taken pleasantly to their business, as well as their bosoms, the religion which promised pardon while the offence is retained; and the content is increased, if the offence is even so gilded over by holy words that it can be taken as the true coin, passing current above.

We have reached but the threshold of our topic. We have only come here to look round, and see how small our audience, then to mark the call which comes to us from without, urging us to stop, to go no further, to let slavery alone, at least to dismiss it from the whole sphere of religion. Believing that, as God is supreme in the Universe, so religion is supreme in the soul, and that, of all methods in which the Divinity is revealed and the Divine life awakened, Christianity is highest, purest, most universal, most powerful, most benignant, shall we consent to drop God and religion, the Christ and his spirit, from all our views of this, the great problem of our country and our age? Rather shall we not stand in the temple, and announce the message of the Lord from its holiest shrine? Over the threshold, through the courts, into the holy of holies, beside the oracle, enrobed with the garments of a holier priesthood, it is for us to enter and abide, sounding out, through the depths of the wilderness, across the wide sweep of the desert, a clearer, holier annunciation, if it may be that some ear shall be opened or made stronger, some heart touched with new love, drawn into sympathy with the morning melodies of heaven.

We do not assume, in the position which we here occupy, so much as to declare the peculiarities of our own creed or worship, much less to approve or censure the doctrines and methods of any religious denomination. We simply declare in the ear of all, if they will hear, to the face of all, if they will not turn away from us, that slavery, as existing in this nineteenth century, on our American soil, is an outrage to man, a disobedience to God; that, according to the ideas accepted in common by all sects, nay, according to the several creeds and systems by which they have distinguished themselves, it is irreligious as it is inhuman, unchristian as it is unjust, and, where conjoined in place and time with the profession of Christianity, still an unnatural adhesion, a monstrous anomaly, not a natural outgrowth or a congenial development. Ideally, historically, practically, the Christian spirit has invariably warred against slavery; ideally, historically, practically, the doctrines and maxims which vindicate slavery have always been unchristian, irreligious, inhuman. And they are now. Let grave divines, and solid churches, and ecclesiastical authorities to any number and amount, even uphold slavery as a divine institution, they have therein and so far severed themselves from the eternal life, the holy spirit, the indwelling Christ, the communion of saints, the divine order in the regeneration of the human race. They may pronounce it insolent, audacious, what they will, to speak such words; but the history of the past is our witness, and the future will soon come up to join its testimony. We heard a story the other day which illustrates our whole thought on this point. A gentleman was asked how he liked a certain preacher to whom he had just listened. "Oh, very well, he replied, the only difference between us is that what he calls God, I call Devil."

Let not the unholy profane the holy place. Suppose we could succeed in gaining the verdict of the church, nominally such, something else must be gained. Either through economical considerations, States must be induced to abolish slavery, masters to free their slaves, or States and masters must be drawn through religious and moral convictions to sacrifice a supposed interest of wealth to a sincere reverence of justice and humanity. There are those who pronounce the latter alternative hopeless. Men can be moved to such a resolution, they tell us, only by self-interest. They must be convinced that slavery impoverishes, not enriches them; that it wastes their interest, instead of increasing it; that it debases and degrades, instead of ennobling and exalting, their social and political station. Prove such facts; then selfishness will become the minister of emancipation. But while slavery is deemed a source of wealth, of power, of dignity, nothing can issue from any such religious appeal but neglect, contempt, or hatred.

If the case be such with man and his conscience, we may toil without effect. The political economist must take the palm of the Christian apostle. Let the economist do his work, and receive the reverence, the crown, of his deed. But we protest against this degradation, whether of the Divine Truth or of the human faith. Deep calleth unto deep. The benignant heart, which beats from the inmost centre of the Universe, is answered by quick pulsations through the whole immense circle. We may weep now by the waters of the Babylon; the holy place may lie waste, a long and grievous captivity holding us enthralled; so deep our solitude, so empty our souls of joy and hope, that God himself shall scarce seem to be with us. Over the long distance from the Euphrates to the Jordan, through the wilderness and the desert, captive now, no longer captive, redeemed now from sin and from thraldom, shall be led over the prepared highway. The voice shall call; the soul shall answer and obey; the celestial path shall be trodden by the myriads coming home to the city of the Lord.

Mrs. Emma R. Coe was, on Friday, Jan. 12, registered at the office of the District Court, Philadelphia, as a student-at-law in the office of William S. Pierce, a member of the Philadelphia Bar. Mrs. Coe is known as one of the leaders in the Woman's Rights movement.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

While in Philadelphia, the other day, we heard the following story: A distinguished lawyer of that city, alluding to the case of Mrs. Coe, sneeringly remarked that he could never see a woman at the bar without being reminded of mince-pies. We are not sure that we understand the point of this remark, but the cutting retort of another lawyer, who happened to hear it, needs no explanation. "If," said the latter, "you are ever brought in conflict with Mrs. Coe, you will be made to think of mince-meat!"

Rev. Orville Dewey.—The *Worcester Spy* says that Mr. Dewey lectured at Brinley Hall a few evenings since, and though special pains were taken to secure an audience, less than fifty persons were present. In former years (says the *Spy*), Mr. Dewey had large audiences here, and might still, probably, but for his pro-slavery manifestations.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

In another part of the present issue will be found a brief and somewhat imperfect sketch of the Lecture delivered on the 30th ult., by Hon. Charles Francis Adams, and repeated, a few days afterwards, before a large audience at Syracuse. Mr. Adams treated the subject in a way that evinced a clear perception, on his part, of the relations of Slavery to the Government, and of the necessity of its utter extermination in order to preserve the country from utter ruin. He did not approve of all the measures of the Abolitionists, but he spoke of them and of their unselfish and untiring devotion to the cause in terms of generous appreciation. The Lecture was terse and vigorous in point of style, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of impartial liberty. It showed that, in spite of the degeneracy which marks our American statesmanship, the blood of the Adamses, at least, has come down to us untainted and undiluted. The heroic spirit which prompted the Adams of the Revolution to say, "Live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration of Independence!" and which glowed in the breast of the "old man eloquent" during his struggles with the Slave Power on the floor of Congress, is not extinct. We learn with pleasure that Mr. Adams will publish his Lecture. But for our knowledge of the fact that he was engaged to repeat it at Syracuse, we should have solicited the opportunity of printing at least a portion of it from his own manuscript. The occasion having now passed by, and the claims upon our space having greatly accumulated, we fear we shall not be able to gratify our desire to afford our readers the opportunity of seeing the Lecture in our columns. We are consoled, however, by the intimation that Mr. Adams himself will probably give it to the public, in a form adapted for general circulation.

The Eleventh Lecture of the Course was given on Tuesday evening last, by Ralph Waldo Emerson. The audience was large, and we may say, in truth, that the speaker fulfilled the best anticipations of his friends. We shall publish the whole or a part of the Lecture next week.

The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, in introducing Mr. Emerson, said:

"We are all shrinking and shivering to-night under winds whose keen and freezing edge reminds us of the stern fact that there is a geographical North. I congratulate you, ladies and gentlemen, that, mingling with the hyperborean currents, there comes from our State Capital a blast which inspires the hope that there is, at last, a *political* North! (This allusion to the election of Senator Seward was received with loud and general applause.) I think that, being all very good humoured to-night, we are in just the proper mood for listening to the lecture now to be delivered."

At the conclusion of the Lecture, Mr. Greeley being discovered in the audience, there was a loud and simultaneous call upon him for a speech; whereupon he ascended the platform and uttered a few appropriate sentences, in which he referred to the great triumph achieved in the election of Mr. Seward.

DISOBEYING INSTRUCTIONS.

In another column will be found a preamble and series of resolutions, passed by the Legislature of Michigan, instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives from that State in Congress to use their best exertions to procure the passage of the act prohibiting the introduction or existence of slavery in any of the Territories, especially in Kansas and Nebraska, and to introduce, without delay, a bill for the latter purpose; and also to procure the immediate repeal of the Fugitive Act of 1850.

The Democratic party has long professed to believe that it is the duty of Senators either to obey the instructions of their constituents or resign. The following passage from the proceedings of the Senate on Monday last will show that Messrs. Stuart and Cass have determined to trample upon their own past professions and defy the will of the people of Michigan:

Mr. Stuart having introduced the resolutions,

Mr. Cass said: When, some years ago, the Legislature of Michigan instructed her Delegation to Congress to vote for the Wilmot Proviso, I said I should resign when called upon to act. The Legislature repealed those instructions, consequently I did not resign. The Democratic party has lost the ascendancy in Michigan, and these resolutions are the action of a new party. I am now instructed to vote to deprive American citizens, in the territories, of the power to regulate the relations between master and servant, and for the repeal of the Fugitive Act which was passed to give effect to a solemn guarantee of the Constitution. I shall neither obey these instructions nor resign my seat. If a political party, whenever and by whatever combination it attain power, can compel its opponents holding Legislative trusts to violate their consciences and consistency, or resign their position, it would radically affect the organization of the Senate, and be incompatible with its office as the representative branch of the sovereignty of the States. The Senate would lose every characteristic of permanence as power was transferred from one party to another. This would operate against the Democratic party, for their opponents do not recognise the right to instruct. The intolerant proscription which is advocated by the new party would exclude from political confidence the first General who fell at the head of an organized American army at Lubec, because born across the Atlantic; and the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, because he was a Catholic. The adoption of either measure recommended by the Legislature of Michigan would be the signal for the breaking up of this Government, and the dissolution of this confederacy. There are many honest men who scout all idea of danger and are prepared to sacrifice the structure of freedom to an overpowering impulse. I shall remain in the position I now occupy until the end of my term, unless the Democracy of Michigan shall require me to act against my convictions of duty. What I fear above all things is that the people may be struck with a judicial blindness with which nations are punished for national offences, and thus add to the melancholy list of people who have not wisdom enough to appreciate the value of free institutions, nor virtue and firmness enough to maintain them.

Mr. Stuart said, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." When the proper time comes, I shall be prepared to act. Until then, I think it unnecessary to trouble the Senate with any remarks upon the subject.

SENATOR WILSON ON SLAVERY.

The enemies of Henry Wilson have not hesitated to predict, while some of the friends of freedom who do not know him have *feared*, that, if elected to the United States Senate, he would prove false to his anti-slavery professions. We have no such fear. If Gen. Wilson is not at Abolitionist in our sense of the word, he is yet all that he pretends to be—an earnest opponent of slavery, fully determined to do all that any man can do, under the present United States Constitution, to overthrow the system. His election, in the circumstances, was a triumph over Webster Hunkerism, and we cannot help rejoicing thereat accordingly. On Thursday evening, the 12th inst., Mr. Wilson was present at the Lecture of Anson Burlingame, at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, and being called out by the audience, he made the following speech, which we accept as an earnest of what may be expected of him during his Senatorial career.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: This is not the time nor the place for me to utter a word. You have listened to the eloquence of my young friend, and here to-night I indorse every sentiment he has uttered. In public or in private life, in majorities or in minorities, at home or abroad, I intend to live and to die with bitter, unrelenting hostility to slavery on my lips. I make no compromises, anywhere, at home or abroad. I shall yield nothing of my anti-slavery sentiments to advance my own personal interests, to advance party interests, or to the demands of any State or section of our country. I hope to be able to maintain on all occasions these principles, to comprehend in my affections the whole country and the people of the whole country; and when I say the whole country, I want everybody to understand that I include in that term Massachusetts and the North. This is not the time for me to detain you. You have called upon me most unexpectedly, to say a word, and, having done so, I will retire, thanking you for the honour of this occasion."

☞ Aaron M. Powell has been reappointed an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Giles B. Stebbins has also been appointed an Agent of the Society.

POLITICS.

Hon. Salmon P. Chase, whose Senatorial term expires on the fourth of March, is talked of as a candidate for Governor of Ohio at the next election.

—— The Know-Nothings have adopted the Albany *Register*, heretofore a Silver Gray organ, as the expositor of their sentiments and measures. This straw shows which way the wind blows.

——Hon. Charles Durkee, an anti-slavery man of the same stamp as Messrs. Sumner and Wilson, has been elected United States Senator by the Legislature of Wisconsin. This is a great triumph—one of the fruits of the Nebraska swindle.

——The Legislature of Illinois has not yet elected a United States Senator. The lower House, however, has adopted resolutions censuring Senators Douglas and Shields for advocating the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Good!

——The United States House of Representatives, on Monday, refused by a vote of 104 yeas, nays 78 (not two-thirds), to suspend the rules to permit the introduction of resolutions in opposition to the Know-Nothings.

——The Legislature of Nebraska assembled at Omaha City, Jan. 16th, and received the message of Gov. Cummings Both Houses were permanently organized on the 17th by the choice of officers supposed to be favourable to the Administration. The course of the Governor would probably be sustained.

——The fruits of Webster's Seventh of March Speech are beginning to ripen. They were seen, first, in the election of Sumner, and now again we behold them in the election of Wilson to the United States Senate. This is the way that Massachusetts reponds to the call to conquer her prejudices!

——In Oregon, according to late accounts, Hunkerism is dominant. If a man dares to proclaim himself in opposition to the Nebraska bill and the extension of slavery, he is branded as an Abolitionist, and it is proclaimed that all such are opposed to the first principle of Democracy—popular sovereignty. Of all the clergymen in the Territory only *one* dared to lift his voice in the pulpit and proclaim against the iniquity.

——The conviction is almost universal that Benton's sun has set, no more to rise. His recent speech against the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, in which he boasted of his agency in hedging up the way against emancipation in Missouri, has utterly disgusted and repelled those who, in view of his independence of party, were disposed to confide in him. He will go out of public life, "unwept, unhonoured and unsung."

——Ralph Metcalf is the Know-Nothing candidate for Governor of New Hampshire. He was formerly a member of the Democratic party, and shrewd politicians predict his election by the people. We have heard it intimated that Edmund Burke (a hater of Pierce, but a bitter pro-slavery Democrat) and John P. Hale are likely to be the next United States Senators from New Hampshire. Burke's help is wanted in order to carry the Legislature and break the ascendancy of the Administration, and for this he is to have a seat by the side of Mr. Hale in the Senate. This is a little the queerest coalition that we have heard of lately.

——The facility with which a politician can change front may well excite the envy of even a harlequin. We have an illustration in the example of Gov. Gardner, of Massachusetts, who, in 1853, acting on behalf of the Webster Whigs, employed an Irish military company to fire a salute in honour of the rejection of the new Constitution, paying them a hundred dollars for the job (the said rejection having been effected by a union between the Whigs and the Irish voters); while in 1855, having been made Governor by the Know-Nothings, he proceeded, on patriotic grounds, to disband that same company, and others like it!

——Gen. Houston, who expects to be made President by the Know-Nothings, made a speech recently in the Senate, which has added not a little to his popularity; a speech exposing and denouncing the perfidy of the United States Government in its dealings with the Indians. He did not hesitate to declare, that the Indian "outrages," on the Missouri frontier, which the President asks the means to redress, had been provoked by the inexcusable conduct of our own military authorities in that quarter. Gen. Houston's familiarity with the Indian character, and his intimate knowledge of the transactions of the Government in respect to the various nations and tribes, added greatly to the effect of his speech.

——Henry A. Wise is stumping Virginia as the Administration candidate for Governor. He goes for eternal slavery, and is so blind as to teach that the Old Dominion may retain that moral and financial incubus, and yet be made, through education and internal improvements, to outstrip New York in the race for wealth. At Alexandria, according to the *Tribune*, he read a large portion of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke's sermon on slavery, and the speeches of Burlingame and Henry Wilson entire, as reported in a Boston paper. Not a line of Burlingame or Wilson did he omit. The reading of these documents produced an intense agitation among the more elderly and aristocratic looking portion of the audience. He also referred to the fact of Theodore Parker, the most hideous monster, apparently, in his eyes, among men, received over a hundred votes for Chaplain in the Massachusetts Legislature. After making Clarke and Parker the great Apostles of Anti-Slavery, he was prepared to turn the *odium theologicum* upon his opponents. For, were not Unitarianism, Abolitionism and Socialism all conc

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXII.

THE ARGUMENT.—General Wilson elected Senator—Barataria comparisons—Rationale of Likings and Mislikings—A Near Thing—But Enough—Senator and Governor on the Stump—Imprudent Committals—Confusion in the Lodges—Lightning from South—Wires melted—The clothes-line Telegraph—Removal of Commissioner Loring—Reasons Why—Conflict of References—The Corporation of H. C's. Idea of a Law Professor—Chances of justice overtaking the Commissioner—Comfort to the South—Edward G. Parker, who and what he is, and what he has been about—Might of insignificance—It is also a shield—Warning to Lyceums—Hue and Cry raised, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, Feb. 5, 1855.

WELL, you have recorded already, I believe, that Gen. Wilson was chosen Senator, last week, for the balance (as the Southern Yankees say) of Governor Everett's term, being the comfortable number of four years, from the Fourth of March next ensuing. That is rather better than the Governorship of Barataria, likely to be snatched away from the honest Sambo that holds it at the year's end, as that excellent magistrate's victuals were from his table, almost before he had got a taste of them. As the Hunkers of all shades had united to oppose Mr. Wilson's election, and that on the ground that he is an Abolitionist, and so an unsafe man to be trusted at Washington, one cannot but regard his success as a satisfactory result. It is always safe to like anything that your enemies hate. And as the Slaveholders and their "*National*" friends (that word *National* was "a good word enough," as Shakspeare says, "until it was ill-sorted!"), as they don't like this appointment, we may be willing to accept it as satisfactory, for this present distress. We will see how he behaves after he gets to Washington, and give him credit accordingly. But, as the Duke of Wellington said of the Battle of Waterloo, it was "a near thing" ("a d—d near thing," were his Grace's precise words, but we will omit the expletive, on this occasion, if you please), a very near thing, indeed. He had but the precise number (twenty-one out of forty), that was sufficient to elect him. It was hoped by his enemies, that the Senate would be *hung*—I don't mean capitally executed, but equally divided—and that the casting vote of the President would give him his *coup de grace*. But as a "miss is as good as a mile," so one vote is as good as fifty, when it settles the question, as the Slaveholders and their mercenaries in Congress know full well.

At the last Lecture of the Anti-Slavery Course, here, Mr. Burlingame, who gave it, after committing himself to an Anti-Slavery fidelity in Congress, alluded to Mr. Wilson, as one of the same sort, and spoke of his election as an Anti-Slavery triumph. This was received with great applause, and at the end of the lecture, there was a cry for "Wilson," which was duly honoured, and he made an out and out Free Soil Speech, which was cheered to the echo. He spoke of the Know-Nothing victory as virtually an Anti-Slavery one and referred to Governor Gardner, who was present, as a Governor under whose administration the laws of the State would not be trampled down as they were under Governor Washburn. I believe it was he who said this (for I was not there) but it might have been Mr. Burlingame. At any rate, the Governor bowed assentingly to the applause with which the proposition was greeted. Altogether it was a very jolly Anti-Slavery time, and it seemed as if the Good Time spoken of in the song was not merely Coming, but actually Come. But, it is understood that the next day was like other next days after other kinds of jollifications and that the Know-Nothings were all aghast to find that they were supposed to Know So Much. The Lodges were in direful commotion and sorely perplexed to know whereunto this thing might grow. As soon as the news reached the Southern Lodges it was as if the lightning over the wires had fallen among gunpowder, so dire was the combustion. So fierce and hot were the expostulations and denunciations which flashed back again, that I am credibly informed that the wires were melted in several places, thereby interrupting the communication, as usually happens when there is something worth communicating. I don't know whether you have the Clothes-line Telegraph established among you as yet. Ours communicates directly with all the Lodges and tells the next day all that passes in them overnight, and works as secretly and effectually as the Underground Railway itself. I should advise you to apply for a Branch.

The only thing that is going on in our Great and General Court that is of general interest, now that the Senatorship is settled, is, the movement for the Removal of the Burns Commissioner, Edward Greeley Loring, from the Office of Probate Judge for Boston, by Address of both Houses. This has been demanded by petitions from all parts of the State, and the demand could be re-enforced by thousands more of names. It is a case that speaks so clearly to every right-judging and right-feeling mind, that no one but the most "National" of Hunkers, of both sorts, could hesitate to entreat the Legislature to save the widows and orphans of Boston from the tender mercies of such a Judge. The two Houses are just now at odds as to the proper reference of the application. The House of Representatives insisting on referring it to the Committee on Federal Relations (Relations of the class usually known as Step-mothers, I suppose), and the Senate thinking a Joint Committee of both Houses the proper body to consider it. This last is, very clearly, the right disposition to be made of it, as it is a matter in no wise affecting any part of the Union but ourselves. If we must have Negro-catchers, we may, at least, be allowed to ask to have the Guardians of our Widows and Orphans discharged from that warfare. There are plenty of patriotic Commissioners who are in the Market. Has not Commissioner Curtis advertised for more business in this line? The South need not be distressed, lest they should lack ready helpers here, even if we should shut the doors of our Probate Courts in their faces. Though, to be sure, they would have reason to regret the loss of so swift, so supple, so unscrupulous a tool as this miserable Loring furnished them withal. But, then, they can't lose him. He will still be Commissioner and can set up an opposition line to run against the Sims Commissioner. I can't see that Federal Relations has anything to do with the question; whereas, it has a great deal to do with our Domestic Relations—to-wit, our wives and children who may fall into his hands. Both Senate and House adhere to their own views, and a Committee of Conference has been appointed, of the doings of which, by and bye.

Mr. Commissioner Loring is before the public in another shape, just now, which is also of some general interest. Mr. Loring was appointed, solely by strong family interest in the Corporation of Harvard College, a Lecturer in the Law School at Cambridge, a few years since. It was a situation for which he was notoriously incompetent and the appointment was looked upon by the profession as a Job of the very *jobbiest* kind. But his friends, wishing to prove that they were not infidels by not neglecting those that were of their own household, not satisfied with having made him a Judge and a Lecturer, in defiance of the public sentiment of the City and State, as far as it was cognizant of so very obscure a man, wished to promote him to be a Professor, which would not only carry promotion with it, but pay and rations, into the bargain. The pretence was that there were not Professors enough for the increased number of Students, and in order to make the way perfectly clear from the Probate Office in Boston to the Professor's Chair in Cambridge, it was proposed to release the professor, *in posse*, from residence. But, unluckily, there was some plaguy statistician or other among the Overseers (the Body that confirms the acts of the Corporation), who ciphered up the number of Law Students at Cambridge, and found that there were *fewer* instead of *more*, than when Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf turned out quite as good lawyers as Commissioner Loring was able to do. So there was such a breeze raised about the matter that the proposition was withdrawn. This was before the Commissioner had read his title clear to be a Doctor in Law by his astonishing manipulation of law and evidence in the case of Suttle vs. Burns. And, now the Corporation of Harvard College virtually indorse his course in that matter, which is the scorn and jest of every lawyer of any standing at the Bar, by recommending him as a suitable person at whose feet Young America may sit and learn what is Law! It is to be hoped that the Overseers will have respect enough for themselves, for the College and for the State, to reject the insulting suggestion with an emphasis which will rebuke the Close Corporation of the College, as well as their Slave-catching *protégé*.

And, *apropos* to this matter, it is rather odd that the junior Counsel of Suttle, one Edward G. Parker, should have been going the rounds of the Lyceums of this State, and even getting invitations to Anti-Slavery towns. It is true, that he has effected his lodgment under the effectual cover of his own utter insignificance. There are so many much bigger rascals than he concerned in that affair, that he skulked out of sight and was forgotten. Strong in his obscurity, he even ventured to set his foot in the City of Worcester, and to look an audience of its citizens in the face for a good hour. And so safe was he in his mighty mediocrity, that they did n't find out for several weeks that they had had Suttle's Solicitor-General enlightening their darkness. It was a cruel thought—what they had missed! Had they but known it, he would have had as warm a reception as his fellow-labourer Butman did; and it is very likely the Abolitionists would have had to take him under their protection, even at the risk of being indicted for the same. And in the same way he has been smuggled into other Lyceums, that would have as soon have heard the Devil lecture as one of those miscreants, indeed, much rather, for the chance of the Devil's giving a good lecture would have been much the better of the two. It was nothing strange that he should have escaped detection for one winter, considering his perfect and entire personal insignificance; but I trust that Committees of Lyceums and their constituents will see to it another season, and spare themselves this disgrace. Let all newspapers, unfriendly to the business of Slave-catching pass round his name, and put all whom it may concern on their guard.

D. Y.

A DEFEATED DOUGHFACE.—At Hampton, Washington Co., New York, resides Samuel S. Beman, Esq., a native of Georgia, and formerly a citizen of Wetumpka, Ala., where he supported Gen. Taylor in 1848. Since he took up his abode at Hampton, he has been once elected to represent Washington County in the Legislature—probably because, though an incorrigible doughface, he happened to be a supporter of the Maine Law and to be endowed with certain qualities which enabled him to push himself ahead of better and more modest men. He served but one term, however, that being quite sufficient to enable the intelligent people of Washington County to set a proper estimate upon his political character. Some months since, a statement appeared in the *Alabama Journal*, which was copied in other Southern papers, to the effect that he had compromised himself as a pro-slavery man by speaking at a meeting previously addressed by Frederick Douglass! The man, thus accused, made haste to defend himself in a letter to the journal aforesaid. He confesses his opposition to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, but claims to be a compromise Silver Gray Whig, "friendly to Fillmore, opposed to Seward, acting with Hunkers, and hating Woollys and Barnburners." He says he is "kept down" in Washington County, "when, were I an *Abolition Whig*, I should to-day hold a seat in Congress. I am, and have been, considered the firmest National Whig in the county; I acted as such in the Legislature and thereby lost a reelection." He explains the matter of his speaking to the same audience with Frederick Douglass (at Aurora, Ill.) by saying that the meeting, before he consented to speak, had been made to assume a "new phase and organization," and he says to his Southern accusers, "*I never spoke to Fred. Douglass in my life (!!).* I refused to be introduced to him both when a member of the Legislature in 1853 and at Aurora. I never spoke of being one of the brethren. I never thought or spoke of a 'free press' or free everything generally. I spoke to and of Mr. Chapman, of Ohio, who was before me, as a speaker, a white man, the friend of Judge Douglas, a Democrat, and one that I deemed it would be no disgrace to associate with, although I did, before I left, put my fist in the face of one of his friends."

In another letter, on the same subject, addressed to the Augusta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist*, Mr. Beman gives the slaveholders a bit of advice and warning, and reminds them that the patriotic Silver Grays of the North have "a hard road to travel."

"One word more to you, as a Southern man. There is a noble band of Constitution-loving, States Rights men here. They are, it is true, a minority. They are beset on every side by a fiery and vindictive spirit of fanaticism. They are kept down by a majority; but they are bold, fearless. They are sneered at and villified here as traitors, and condemned by Southern men upon the slightest charge, without a hearing. I ask nothing at the hands of the North or South. My own honour and judgment forms a tribunal for which I have more regard than I have for the press or popular opinion. But I suggest to you, and all public men at the South, not to do gross injustice to those who are entitled to respect and honourable treatment. Young men who wish to rise here, find their future hopeless, if they are to be crushed out by the North, and cast off by the South. *The fate of Webster, Fillmore and others, will deter many from throwing themselves against the serried ranks of Abolitionism.*"

THE MILWAUKEE RESCUE CASES.—In another part of this paper will be found various interesting particulars of the trial and conviction of Sherman M. Booth and John Ryecraft, of Milwaukee, for aiding the rescue of a fugitive slave, and of the subsequent issue of a writ of *habeas corpus*, by the Supreme Court of the State, to test the legality of their imprisonment. A telegraphic dispatch brings us the joyful tidings that the prisoners, after a hearing upon the writ, were set free. This brings the authority of the State Judiciary in open and undisguised conflict with the Federal Courts, on the question of the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law. It is an act of nullification, from which the gravest consequences must follow. How the slaveholders will fume and rave! The written opinion of the Court will soon reach us, when we shall be able to speak more intelligently than we can now do of the nature and grounds of the decision.

The discharge of the prisoners, however, does not relieve them from the payment of the fines imposed by the U. S. Court. Mr. Booth's fine is $1,000, that of Mr. Ryecraft $200. We are glad to perceive that a movement has been made to collect these amounts, in small sums, among those who hate the Fugitive Slave law, and only lack the opportunity to incur its penalties. The *Independent* and the *Tribune* both offer to receive and forward such sums as may be confided to them for this purpose. We also will gladly do the same thing, and we entreat our readers to take hold of the matter, in their various localities, and forward to us promptly, by mail, post paid, such contributions as they may obtain. There should be as little delay as possible.

THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, in spite of the hard times, was successful as usual, the nett receipts amounting to nearly $300. We cut the official report from the *Bugle*, some time since, intending to publish it; but, like many other things for which we vainly seek room in our columns, it has lost its interest by the lapse of time. The Fair was held at Salem, Ohio, and the managers acknowledge the reception of goods from Boston, Philadelphia and Michigan, as well as from places nearer at hand. The cause has no friends more devoted and self-sacrificing than those of the West.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Governor Pollock's Inaugural—The Baltimore Patriot threatens to be into the "wool" of Pennsylvania—Who is to be next U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, Cooper, Cameron, Curtin or Conrad?—Bill to prevent and punish Bribery—Bill for the sale of the Public Works—Eli K. Price—Frederick Douglass in Philadelphia—Emerson's Lecture—A Week of Homicides in Philadelphia—The Philadelphia Press.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 5, 1854.

I HAD intended to call your attention to the Inaugural Address of our New Governor, but other duties more pressing at the time interfered to prevent me from doing so. It is not too late yet, however, so far to allude to it as to say that it was a very good document, creditable alike to the head and heart of its author, and not discreditable to his character for statesmanship. On the subject of slavery, its tone was moderate, but fair; about in keeping with the language used by the Governor during the pendency of his election. It spoke of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise "as a violation of plighted faith and honour, deserving of the stern rebuke it had received from the people of our own and other States"; as an act marked "by fraud, violence and strife." It stated that the people of Pennsylvania had "reaffirmed their opposition to the extension of slavery into territory now free," and renewed their pledge to these doctrines.

This language, though not particularly strong, compares very well with that of his predecessor who had just vacated the office, and, as a change, was very refreshing. That it was not altogether without effect, is evident from the groans it elicited from such papers as the *Baltimore Patriot*. The editor of that paper is deeply wounded by it, and threatens to make the "wool and iron" interests of Pennsylvania suffer for the Governor's offence. It says:

"We regret to find that the inaugural of this gentleman, who owed his election to the American movement, contains certain avowals which threaten to awaken again the strife which we had sincerely hoped it was the purpose of the American party to extinguish. We allude, of course, to his declaration that the people of Pennsylvania are committed to reagitate the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and other questions connected with the same ominous subject.

"In our construction of the American platform, we should esteem it a flagrant breach of faith to employ the position conferred by harmonists and friends of the Union as a means of disturbing the public peace and giving renewed activity to a strife upon which every friend of the country must look with anxiety.

"With such a plan of agitation, Governor Pollock must not be surprised if his positions for increased duties on the wool and iron of Pennsylvania, and the improvements of her Lake and Ocean harbours should not be taken up as National questions. Manufactures and wool-growing are the institutions of Pennsylvania, as the particular property of the Southern States are peculiar to them. It cannot be expected that when Governor Pollock denounces war upon others, he can have their cooperation in promoting his own interests."

Is not this characteristic? These slave-drivers, even as high up as Baltimore, are so used to playing the overseer that they cannot speak under the least excitement without cracking their whip.

We shall see whether the fear of losing (save the mark!) the cooperation of the South for the protection of our "wool and iron" and the "improvement of our Lake and Ocean harbours," will have the same effect on our new Executive as such considerations were wont to have on his Democratic predecessors. Governor Bigler always had the fear of the slaveholders before his eyes. He pardoned Alberti, and was always ready to crook his flexible "hinges" at the nod of his masters. What did he gain by it? What did the State gain by it? What have either to show for it, except the evidences of their own degradation and of the people's—even the Southern people's—contempt? How much are our "iron and wool," our "Lake and Ocean harbours" the better for our base and cowardly fawning? I hardly think that Governor Pollock is the man to be intimidated by the *Patriot's* threats, or cajoled by any such transparent gammon. The last news from Washington is that the slaveholders are determined to reduce the Tariff, including the duties on Pennsylvania wool and iron, and nothing that Governor Pollock could say or do would have the least effect in averting their purpose.

The approaching election by our Legislature for a United States Senator in place of James Cooper, whose term expires with this session, is exciting a good deal of interest. There are a number of candidates for the honour, but who will be the successful one is a question that puts even conjecture at fault. Some time ago, the contest, it was understood, would be between Simon Cameron and Ex-Governor Johnston; but this latter gentleman—to his credit be it said—has forfeited his chance with the new political power by disclaiming affiliation with any of its orders, and Know-Nothingism has, after a short incubation, hatched from its different nests some three or four new candidates for the honourable position. Among these are the out-going Senator, Mr. Cooper himself, and a Mr. Tiffany, a professor in Dickinson College. Mr. Tiffany is a Marylander, and on this account may be supposed more deeply than others to "share in our national prejudices," and, therefore, to be a better "American." But he must be ultra, indeed, if he have stronger claims in this respect than Senator Cooper; for who, except the unapproachable Ingraham himself, could have gone farther than Cooper went when he put his services at the command of Maryland, in the prosecution of his fellow-Pennsylvanians, Hanway and Lewis, on the false charge of obstructing the execution of the infamous Fugitive Slave law?

Can it be that we are to have this man Cooper to stand for us six years longer in the United States Senate? Is Know-Nothingism so utterly unprincipled as to subject us to this humiliation? or has the sin of our ancient but apostate Commonwealth been of so deep a dye that no penalty short of this can expiate it? But it is said by those who ought to know, and I am fain to believe it, that Mr. Cooper has no chance of being elected, and that the election lies between Cameron, Curtin and Conrad. It is, therefore, a sort of triangular fight between the three Cs (the fourth, Cooper, being ruled out as not within the range of probabilities). Which of these three would be the best for the place is not for me to say; though, on the point of which would be the worst, there would hardly be, among honest people, a difference of opinion. The election of Simon Cameron would be a misfortune as much to be regretted as that of James Cooper. He is a politician, and a mere politician; and one of most vaulting and unscrupulous ambition. However, I have said enough on this subject. I may have something more to add when we hear the result of the contest.

We have had a number of important bills before our Legislature this session, one of which is now under discussion there, and is producing quite a lively debate. It is a bill to punish and prevent the crime of Bribery, and was drawn up by Eli K. Price, member of the Senate, from this city. The fact that bribery, the grossest and most palpable, has been practised at Harrisburg, of late years, during the sessions of the Legislature, is notorious and is denied by no one. The evil had reached such a pitch as to demand a law of additional stringency to arrest and correct it; hence the bill prepared by Mr. Price. It meets with strong opposition in the House, but it is to be hoped that a measure so loudly called for, and so well adapted to the public good, will not finally be defeated. Mr. Price is an honest man and an upright legislator, and it is a matter of congratulation among good men that the State has the advantage of his services in its legislative councils.

There is a bill, also, before the Legislature, drawn up by Mr. Price, for the sale of the Public Works, the passage of which is greatly to be desired. These Public Works have been a fruitful source of corruption and political demoralization from the beginning, and their sale at any price would be a public advantage.

We have had Frederick Douglass lecturing here during the past week, but I do not know that the cause will be much the gainer by his labours. However, I suppose we ought to rejoice that the gospel of anti-slavery is preached, even though it be of "envy and of strife" and with a view "to add affliction to our bonds." I did not hear Mr. Douglass, but I learn from those who did that he took much pains to misrepresent his old associates and to misstate the grounds of their want of confidence in him. He represented himself as proscribed for opinion's sake and repudiated for his fidelity to his convictions. Could anything have been further from the truth? I suppose he succeeded in making the impression he desired with some; but it is an impression that will not long remain. Nothing but what is right will stand; it is only the Truth that endures.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is to lecture for us, in Sansom Hall, on Thursday evening. I suppose he will give us the same that he delivered in Boston, two weeks ago, and *is* to deliver in New York, to-morrow evening. From an abstract I have seen of it, published in a Boston paper, I take it to be one of his ablest productions. I see, however, that he proposes "to draw out Leviathan with the hook" not exactly of compensation, but of purchase. "Buy the property of the *plunderers*," he says; "*buy*—never conceding, however, the right of the *plunderer* to own," &c. I think that Mr. E. will find that "Leviathan is not so tamed." When the South shall have shown any willingness to part with their slaves, it may do well enough to talk about terms; but till then it seems worse than useless on our part to offer to negotiate.

We expect a lecture from Theodore Parker, week after next, on the Slavery topic, and, as it will be Mr. Parker's first discourse in Philadelphia on this or, I believe, on any other subject, there is a very strong desire among the people to hear him.

I wrote you, some time ago, that our city was, in the matter of law and order, and manners generally, on the mend, but a paper before me contains a paragraph that hardly consists with a statement of this kind: "During the past week," says the *North American* of this morning, "seven homicides were tried in the Oyer and Terminer, by Judges Allison and Kelley. * * Each of the homicides was a distinct offence, all occurring at different times and places." Is it any wonder that, in a city like this, the anti-slavery cause should make slow progress?

What we want most here, for the conservation of order and promotion of morals, is not new municipal machinery, in the way of increased police force (the more policemen we have, the greater seems to be the number of crimes), but a regenerated Daily Press. We want Editors who are Men and not mice—who are not afraid to call their souls their own; independent, fearless men, of high-toned morality, large public spirit and comprehensive mental scope. But of such we have none—no, not one. One such man at the head of a paper like the *Public Ledger* or the *North American* would do more for the order and interest and general prosperity of the community than Mayor Conrad could accomplish if his 800 policemen were swelled to ten times that number.

Yours truly, M.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

The Ohio Liquor Law—Action of the City Council—Measures of the Liquor Dealers—Relief of the Poor—The Lecture Season—the Lecturers of the present day.

CINCINNATI, February 1, 1855.

THE Liquor law, passed by the Legislature of this State at its last session, has occasioned no little excitement among the hotel-keepers and other venders of Liquors in this city. The State law is not, in the common acceptation of the term, a "Maine Law," and has been generally regarded as unsatisfactory by the Temperance men, not going far enough to meet their views. Its provisions are few, and good as far as they go, and are regarded by the liquor-sellers as very severe. The question of its constitutionality has been brought before the Supreme Court and has lately been decided in the affirmative. The act forbids any one selling intoxicating liquor in any quantity to be drunk on or about the premises; forbids selling to minors except upon a written order from their parents, employers or family physician; makes all places where liquor is sold in violation of this act common nuisances, and declares that they shall be shut up and abated as such; forbids selling to any person intoxicated and makes the vender liable for the support of any such to whom he may have sold, until he shall recover; and allows the wife, children or employer, to sue for exemplary damages. There are seven penalties attached to violations of the various sections of the law, consisting of fines of from twenty to one hundred dollars, and imprisonment of from ten to fifty days. The real estate and personal property of offenders is made liable for the fines until they are paid.

In addition to the State law our City Council has passed a new act regulating the sale of liquors. It forbids all selling of liquor or opening houses for the purpose on Sunday, forbids selling to minors, and all gaming, rioting, or drunkenness in coffee-houses or taverns. The penalties for violations are from ten to one hundred dollars.

The hotel-keepers and other dealers had several meetings last week to consult as to what could be done to protect their interests. They agreed to comply strictly with the city law, and close their doors on the Sabbath, but formed an association to assist each other in bearing the penalties or evading the requirements of the State law. A large sum was subscribed to a fund to meet fines which may have to be paid under prosecutions for infringements of the law, and no one is to be aided unless he has subscribed, at least, $50 towards the fund. In what way their opposition to the law is to be made effective, I do not exactly perceive. The highest Court has decided the law to be constitutional, it is generally popular except among ardent temperance men who wish one stronger, and the authorities, if disposed, can carry it into execution. Though public sentiment is decidedly in favour of both the State and City acts, it is to be expected that in this, as in other large cities, there will be much difficulty in enforcing such laws. On last Sunday a number of the Coffee-houses closed their doors, and I am told all the more respectable establishments are making their calculations to refrain from selling on the Sabbath, so that on that day, at least, we shall have less drinking and rioting, and less work for the police Court next day, than heretofore.

It appears that the State law has been carried out in several of the towns in this County, which is considered the most impracticable section of the State. A number of liquor-dealers are now in prison for violations of the law. This law, even if it be only partially carried out, will, no doubt, pave the way for a genuine "Maine Law" a year or two hence. Some of the venders have determined to sell only the "native wine," and will bring up the question whether this beverage is to be classed with "intoxicating liquors" as mentioned in the law.

This season has been a very hard one for the poor. Business has not revived materially since the opening of the New Year, a great number of mechanics are still out of employment, and were it not for the means of relief in operation, there would be an immense amount of suffering in the city. Perhaps there is no city in the Union where so great attention is paid to the wants of the poor as in this. Besides the relief granted by the Directors of the City Infirmary, who have an institution for the employment of paupers and an Asylum for the infirm some miles in the country, and the Commercial Hospital in the city under their care, and also grant relief to many out-of door applicants—there is the Relief Union, and several Temperance and other associations which are doing much in this good work. The Merchants made a donation at the time of the Christmas Holidays of upwards of $5,000 for the poor, most of which was given to the Relief Union.

We have had several courses of lectures in this place this season, but none that have been so well patronised as those before the "Young Men's Mercantile Library Association." This flourishing and usetul Association has incurred some expense, and taken great pains to engage the best lecturers, and every part of the arrangements has been so well conducted that they have attracted for several years crowded houses, and this season the lectures have been more popular than ever. Bayard Taylor has given two lectures in this course, and is to give two more. They are highly instructive, and the lecture hall was densely crowded, as it has been at all of the lectures. We need a much more spacious public hall for lectures and concerts than any we now have—one capable of seating, at least, 2,500 persons, and I learn that an effort is now in progress to build such an one this year.

From the newspapers it seems evident that public lectures are becoming more frequent, not only in the large cities, but in the towns and rural districts. This is one of the most encouraging signs of the times, and, whether upon scientific subjects, literature or the great moral questions of the day, these lectures must do good. They indicate an improving taste in the people, and as they are encouraged and appreciated will lead to a demand for a higher standard of qualifications in the lecturer. The public, where the taste and intelligence of the people have been moulded to some extent by the efforts of able men, now demand something more than dull or common-place homilies, or sophomoric orations of those who thus seek to instruct them. The public lecturer feels compelled to keep up in intelligence and research with the spirit of the age.

Yours, truly, P.

THE WHIG ALMANAC for 1855 contains, besides the usual astronomical matter, a table showing the names of the Governors of the several States, the times of the expiration of their terms of office and the amounts of their salaries, the times of meeting of the respective State Legislatures, the days fixed for State elections, and a list of Capitals of the States; a table showing the Popular Vote, by States, for President, in 1844, 1848 and 1850; a list of the Executive, Judicial, and Legislative officers of the United States; full and carefully prepared tables of election returns in the several States for the past year; a Statistical View of the whole Continent of America, including the West India Islands, showing the area, in square miles, of each country, the number of inhabitants, the capitals, and Chief Executive officers; a list of Vessels of War in the United States Navy, with the names of their commanders, &c.; an account of the National Finances; a valuable compilation of Facts for Farmers; the substance of recent acts of Congress in relation to the Public Lands; substance of the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain, also that of the Gadsden Treaty with Mexico; articles on the Know-Nothings and the War in Europe; and, under the general head of "Slavery Legislation," the Fugitive Law of 1793, the Missouri Compromise of 1820, the Fugitive Law of 1850, the Kansas-Nebraska act of the present Congress, with a list of the yeas and nays upon its passage, the speech of W. H. Seward on the final passage of the bill in the Senate, and the speech of Hon. Josiah Quincy on the Slavery Question, delivered before the Whig State Convention of Massachusetts last autumn. Price 12 1-2 cents. Greeley and McElrath, publishers.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD was, on Tuesday last, reëlected to the United States Senate, for the term of six years from the 4th of March next. His vote in the Senate was 18, scattering 12; in the House 69, scattering 57. The opposition could not agree upon a candidate, and cast their votes for Dickinson, Seymour, Ullman, Fillmore, Washington Hunt, Dix and others.

This election is one of great importance. The opposition to Mr. Seward was bitter and unscrupulous. The power of Union-saving Hunkerism, working through the secret machinery of the Know-Nothings, was exerted to the utmost to secure his defeat, but all in vain. Day after day the Hunker journals expatiated upon the terrible consequences which must inevitably result from his reëlection. The Union was to be dissolved and the country go at once to ruin! But these prognostications frightened nobody; they were only the evidences of the trepidation and despair of the utterers.

Mr. Seward is quite moderate in his anti-slavery views. He is far enough from being a radical. By the force of circumstances he became, for the time being, the representative of the political anti-slavery sentiment of the North. The slaveholders and their minions were determined to break him down. They have been signally defeated, and we rejoice in their discomfiture. We think that Silver Gray Whiggery can never recover from this staggering blow.

REMEMBER THE FUGITIVE.—We are desired to state on behalf of the Vigilance Committee of Philadelphia, that they stand in much need, just now, of clothing for the accommodation of the numerous travellers who are passing through on the Underground Railroad. These poor travellers suffer excessively at this inclement season, from cold and nakedness, and charity could not be better bestowed than in the gift of either a bundle of good warm clothing, or money with which to buy such clothing. Anything, in response to this statement, directed to Charles Wise, Treasurer, of the Vigilance Committee, Corner of 5th and Market street, or to Wm. Still, Secretary, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 31 North 5th street, Philadelphia, will be gratefully received and duly appropriated.

Summary.

MICHIGAN.—The House has passed a stringent Prohibitory Liquor Law, by a vote of 51 to 21.

A wag in Williamsburg advertises—"Ice-house to let"—being his part of a church. "Warranted to preserve the year round, Sundays not excepted."

AUTHORSHIP OF "IDA MAY."—The Boston *Telegraph* notices the recent contradiction of the report that the *widow* Pike of Calais, Me., is the author of "Ida May," and thinks it does not amount to much, inasmuch as the Mrs. Pike alluded to is not a widow, but *a wife*.

IMMIGRATION.—It appears from the last report of the Commissioners of Immigration, that the whole number of immigrants from foreign countries, who arrived at the port of New York in 1854, was 319,223. Of these, 176,986 were Germans; 82,302 Irishmen; 30,578 Englishmen; and 29,357 natives of other countries.

One of the wives of Brigham Young has apostatized, and writes to one of the Boston papers that she will go through the United States lecturing and exposing the system. She challenges discussion with the Mormon Elders, and seems disposed to make quite a stir with her disclosures.

CONVICTION OF A DUELLIST.—Juan Pages has been found guilty of manslaughter at New Orleans, with a recommendation to mercy, for killing Juan Panter in a duel. The prisoner is about 40 years of age, and has a family. The *Courier* says: This is the first time in the annals of Louisiana, that a conviction for duelling has taken place, although the statutes making the slaying of a man in a duel murder are coeval with the Constitution of the State.

RUMOURS.—The Hampshire *Gazette* mentions rumours that the Know-Nothing papers will hereafter publish no more "foreign" intelligence, and also that it is in contemplation to banish the "Essay on Man" from the schools of the Commonwealth, because it was written by Pope!

FEMALE COSTUME.—A lady writer in the *Home Journal*, in answer to the question, "What does it cost to dress a lady?" replies that $1,000 a year, spent very carefully by a person who goes out much, would prove insufficient; $2,000 is nearer the average, without including furs and jewelry; and that $3,000 or $4,000 could be spent very easily when Russian sables and diamonds were brought into question.

A NEW IDEA.—A lawyer, this forenoon, at one of our courts, wished to get a case postponed for a few days, and upon a friend's asking the reason, he said, "Whenever you hear a lawyer ask for a postponement of a case, you may be sure that he has not received his fees, or is in hopes of getting more. Do you understand now why I asked for a postponement?" The friend appeared perfectly satisfied.—*Boston Telegraph.*

SOLDIERS TO SHOOT THE INDIANS.—Having, at the last session, by force of the Nebraska bill, deprived the Indians of some of their fairest lands, the Senate has just passed a bill raising an additional army of 3,000 soldiers to shoot down the poor natives if they shall dare to resist.

THE POLYGAMY CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—The Los Angeles *Star* announces that a Mr. Money, of the New Testament Church, consents to accept the challenge of Parley P. Pratt, of the Mormons, on the issue of polygamy as sanctioned by law and gospel, which Mr. Pratt pretends. Here is the Old versus the New Testament. The battle is proposed to take place in the Los Angeles *Star*.

TOUCHING. — The *Tobacco Plant* (Va.) describes the death of a girl in Clarksville, by burning. Her clothes took fire while she slept in a chair. Aroused, she ran towards her master's bed. The editor says: "Mr. Watkins forced her out of the door, and threw her in a mud puddle, supposing that he would thus be enabled to extinguish the flames, but failed to do so. Her burns, as before stated, are very bad, and but little hope is entertained of her recovery. *She was one of the likeliest girls we ever saw, and would have sold for $1,000 on the block.*"

Judge Loring [kidnapping Commissioner] begins to realize that the people are on his track and will soon have him. The petitions for his removal pour in fast, and have been withdrawn from the Judiciary Committee and referred to that on Federal Relations, which is supposed to be quite willing to allow the Judge hereafter to devote the whole of his time to the service of such slave-catchers as the liar and scoundrel who made various promises to restore Burns to liberty for a price, and in each case forfeited his word, and had his victim dragged back to stripes and chattelism. —*Lowell Courier.*

VIOLATION OF A SLAVE LAW.—The ship Cheshire, of Boston, Capt. Ramsay, was seized at the port of Baltimore, on a charge of violating the law regulating the transportation of slaves from one State to another, by conveying a slave woman from New Orleans to Baltimore, without clearing her at the Custom-House. The penalty of the act is the forfeiture of the vessel, and a fine of $1,000 upon the captain.—*Boston Atlas.*

RIGHT OF COLOURED PERSONS TO VOTE IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Mr. D. L. Smith, Representative from Allegheny County, has read, in place, the following bill:

AN ACT *to confer upon Coloured Persons the Right of Citizenship.*

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, &c., That, from and after the passage of this act, all coloured male persons of African and mixed extraction, who are now, or may hereafter become, residents of this Commonwealth, be freemen, are hereby entitled to all the civil, religious and political rights, as fully and amply, to all intents and purposes, as the same are enjoyed and held by any person or persons, citizens of this Commonwealth.

SEC. 2. That so much of any law or laws as may be incompatible with the provisions of this act be, and the same are hereby, repealed.

PURE WATER VS. ALCOHOL.—In the course of his lecture on Water, Prof. Silliman gave his testimony as a chemist against the use of alcoholic beverages. The only fluid proper to be taken into the stomach, and that may be safely used, is pure water. There is no deadlier poison than alcohol, and the nearer the quantity imbibed is reduced to an infinitesimal amount, the further off is the drinker from its dangerous effects. It supplies no nutriment, and the human system must be impaired by the introduction of such an element.—*Rochester Democrat.*

SHELBY COUNTY (Ky.), Dec. 24, 1854.—Mr. Thomas, of this banner county, sold one of his black men, yesterday; but when they undertook to handcuff the poor fellow, to carry him off down the river, away from his wife and child, he broke loose and ran to a wood-pile, seized an ax, laid his hand upon a block and cut it smooth off at the wrist. Still, Dr. Adams can see "a south-side view of slavery." I have been born and raised in Kentucky, and I never have seen any south side of slavery, according to the sense he conveys. True, I have seen a pretty warm side; but his south side—why he might as well admonish his co-workers of sin and iniquity to go ahead and not be alarmed, for he can see a *north* side to the flames of hell.

MR. SOULÉ'S RESIGNATION.—The cause of Mr. Soulé's resignation is ascertained to be a disagreement with the Cabinet as to the policy to be pursued relative to Cuba. In November, Mr. Soulé received a despatch which he was instructed to lay before the Spanish Minister, which was so different from the representations he had been making on the subjects embraced in it, that he determined not to present it, and did not. The despatch stated that the United States desired the re-establishment of the most friendly relations with Spain, and to that end wished to correct an unfounded impression that this Government meditated the acquisition of Cuba by any means at its command. The rights of Spain as to that Colony would be respected by the United States, and all alleged attempts against its sovereignty would be discountenanced and suppressed.

ENSLAVEMENT OF INDIANS. — Advices from Yucatan state that, on the 21st of December, there were in prison at Sisal forty Indians awaiting shipment on board the Mexican schooner Jacinta, for Havana, where they were to be sold as slaves, and that one hundred and fifty more were in prison at Merida, and expected to arrive at Sisal to be shipped for Cuba on board the brig Antonita. The sum received by the Mexican government for the sale of two hundred Indians was $20,000, as appears by an official order from the Secretary of Foreign Relations, in which it also appears that the pretext is that the Indians were rebellious, and were captured in the war. Against this, however, they have made a solemn protest, averring that they were peaceable, and took no part in the war.

CHANGE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE RATIO.—A friend, writing from Newton, Mass., says of the Know-Nothing movement, "Everything indicates that it will become pro-slavery. The fact that the Central Council at Washington has so changed the National Council that each State, regardless of its population, shall have the same number of votes in the National Convention, shows that the Powers that be are determined to give the power into the hands of slaveholders. The basis upon which, as I learn, the National Council was established, a representation according to the representation in the Federal House of Representatives, has been changed as I have stated above. Who so blind as not to see that the North is again to be sold for the success of a Party?"—*National Era.*

WHAT THE ABOLITIONISTS ARE MAD ABOUT.—A friend, recently from Washington, has related to us a little incident that transpired a short time ago, in the Senate Chamber, and which made some amusement among the members. Mr. Gillette, our Senator, sits near to Toombs, of Georgia, and they frequently pass a good-humoured joke. A few mornings ago, just before the Senate was called to order, while several of the members were standing near, Toombs said to Gill

Miscellaneous Department.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH POETRY.

Before the (Boston) Lowell Institute.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Reported for The Boston Daily Advertiser.

LECTURE IV.

THE BALLADS.

One of the laws of the historical Macbeth declares that "Fools, minstrels, bards, and all other such idle people, unless they be specially licensed by the King, shall be compelled to seek some craft to win their living," and the old Chronicler adds approvingly, "these and such-like laws were used by King Macbeth, through which he governed the realm ten years in good justice."

I do not quote this in order to blacken the memory of that unhappy monarch. The poets commonly contrive to be even with their enemies in the end, and Shakspeare has taken an ample revenge. I cite it only for the phrase *unless they be specially licensed by the King*, which points to a fact on which I propose to dwell for a few moments, before entering upon my more immediate object.

When Virgil said *Arma, virumque cano*, arms and the man I sing, he defined, in the strictest manner, the original office of the poet, and the object of the judicious Macbeth's ordinance was to prevent any one from singing the wrong arms and the rival man. Formerly, the poet held a recognised place in the body politic, and, if he has been deposed from it, it may be some consolation to think that the *Fools*, whom the Scottish usurper included in his penal statute, have not lost their share in the government of the world yet, nor, if we may trust appearances, are likely to for some time to come. But the Fools here referred to were not those who had least, but those who had most wit, and assumed that disguise in order to take away any dangerous appearance of intention from their jibes and satires.

The poet was once what the political newspaper is now, and circulated from ear to ear with satire or panegyric. He it was who first made Public Opinion a power in the State, by condensing it into a song. The invention of printing, by weakening the faculty of memory, and by transferring the address of language from the ear to the eye, has lessened the immediate power of the poet. A newspaper may be suppressed, an editor may be silenced, every copy of an obnoxious book may be destroyed; but, in those old days when the minstrels were a power, a verse could wander safely from heart to heart and from hamlet to hamlet, as unassailable as the memories on which it was imprinted. Its force was in its impersonality, for Public Opinion is disenchanted the moment it is individualized, and is terrible only so long as it is the opinion of no one in particular. Find its author, and the huge shadow which but now darkened half the heaven shrinks, like the genius of the Arabian Story, in the compass of a leaden casket which one can hold in his hand. Now-a-days, one knows the editor, perhaps, and so is on friendly terms with public opinion. You may have dined with it yesterday, rubbed shoulders with it in the omnibus to-day—nay, carried it in your pocket, embodied in the letter of the special correspondent.

Spencer, in his prose tract upon Ireland, has left perhaps the best description possible of the primitive poet, as he was everywhere when the copies of a poem were so many living men, and all publication was to the accompaniment of music. He says "there is amongst the Irish a certain kind of people called bards, which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men in their poems or rhythms; the which are held in such high regard or esteem amongst them that none dare displease them for fear of running into reproach through this offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men." Nor was the sphere of the bards confined to the present alone. They were also the embodied memory of the people. It was on the wings of verse that the names of ancestral heroes could float down securely over broad tracts of desert time, and across the gulfs of oblivion. And poets were sometimes made use of by sagacious rulers to make legends serve a political purpose. The Persian poet Firdusi is a remarkable instance of this. Virgil attempted also to braid together the ravelled ends of Roman and Greek tradition, and it is not impossible that the minstrels of the Norman metrical romances were guided by a similar instinct.

But the position of the inhabitants of England was a peculiar one. The Saxons, by their conversion to Christianity, and the Normans still more by their conversion and change of language, were almost wholly cut off from the past. The few fragments of the Celtic race were the only natives of Britain who had an antiquity. The English properly so called were a people who hardly knew their own grandfathers. They no longer spoke the language, believed in the religion or were dominated by the ideas of their ancestors.

English writers demand of us a national literature. But where, for thirteen centuries, was their own? Our ancestors brought a past with them to Plymouth; they claimed descent from a great race; the language they spoke had been ennobled by recording the triumphs of ancestral daring and genius; it had gone up to Heaven, wafted on the red wings of martyr-fires; mothers hushed their new-born babes, and priests scattered the farewell earth upon the coffin-lid, with words made sweet or sacred by immemorial association. But the Normans, when they landed in England, were a new race of armed men, almost as much cut off from the influences of the past as those which sprang out of the ground at the sowing of the dragon's teeth. They found there a Saxon encampment occupying a country strange to them also. For we must remember that though Britain was historically old, England was not, and it was as impossible to piece the histories of the two together, to make a national record of, as it would be for us to persuade ourselves into a feeling of continental antiquity by adopting the Mexican annals.

The ballads are the first truly national poetry in our language, and national poetry is not that either of the drawing-room or the kitchen. It is the common mother earth of the universal sentiment that the foot of the poet must touch, through which shall steal up to heart and brain that fine virtue which puts him in sympathy, not with his class, but with his kind.

Fortunately for the ballad-makers, they were not encumbered with any useless information. They had not wit enough to lose their way. It is only the greatest brains and the most intense imagination that can fuse learning into one substance with their own thought and feeling, and so interpenetrate it with *themselves*, that the acquired is as much *they* as the native. The ballad-makers had not far to seek for material. The shipwreck, the runaway match, the unhappy marriage, the village ghost, the achievement of the border outlaw—in short, what we read every day under the head of *Items* in the newspapers were the inspiration of their song. And they sang well because they thought and felt and believed just as their hearers did, and because they never thought anything about it. The ballads are pathetic because the poet did not try to make them so, and they are models of nervous and simple diction, because the business of the poet was to *tell* his story, and not to adorn it, and accordingly he went earnestly and straightforwardly to work, and let the rapid thoughts snatch the words as it ran, feeling quite sure of its getting the right one. The only art of expression is to have something to express. We feel as wide a difference between what is manufactured and what is spontaneous as between the sparkles of an electrical machine, which a sufficiently muscular professor can grind out by the dozen, and the wild-fire of God that writes *mene, mene* on the crumbling palace-walls of midnight cloud.

It seems to me that the ballad-maker, in respect of diction, had also this advantage, that he had no books. Language, when it speaks to the eye only, loses half its meaning. For the eye is an outpost of the brain, and wears its livery oftener than that of the character. But the temperament, the deep human nature, the aboriginal emotions, *these* utter themselves in the voice. It is only by the ear that the true mother-tongue that knows the short way to the heart is learned. I do not believe that a man born deaf could understand Shakspeare, or sound anything but the edges and shores of Lear's tempestuous woe. I think that the great masters of speech have hunted men and not libraries, and have found the secret of their power in the street and not upon the shelf.

It is the *way* of saying things that is learned by commerce with men, and the best writers have mixed much with the world. It is there only that the language of feeling can be acquired.

The ballads are models of narrative poetry. They are not concerned with the utterance of thought, but only of sentiment or passion, and it is as illustrating poetic diction that I shall chiefly cite them. If they moralize, it is always by picture and not by preachment. What discourse of inconstancy has the force and biting pathos of this grim old song, the "Twa Corbies"?

As I was walking all alone,
I heard twa corbees making a moan;
The one unto the other did say,
Where shall we gang and dine to-day?
In beyond that old turf dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight,
And nacbody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair.
His hound is to the hunting gone,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's taken anither mate—
Sae we may make our dinner sweet.
You'll sit upon his white neck bone
And I'll pick out his bonny blue een;
With a lock of his golden hair
We'll thatch our nest when it grows bare.
Many a one for him makes moan,
But none sall ken where he is gone;
O'er his white bones when they grow bare
The wind shall blow forevermare.

Observe, the wind simply blows. That is enough—but a modern poet would have sought to intensity by making the wind moan, or shriek, or sob, or something of the kind.

[Mr. Lowell here quoted a ballad which tells a story of a child-murder. It begins:

Fair Anne sate in her bower
Down by the greenwood side,
And the flowers did spring, and the birds did sing,
'Twas the pleasant Mayday tide.]

The ballad singers had all the advantage of that spur of the moment which the excitement of speaking gives, and they also received the magnetism which came from the sympathy of their hearers. They knew what *told*, for they had their hand upon the living pulse of feeling. There was no time to palaver, they must come to the point.

The Percy out of Northumberland
And a vow to God made he
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,
In the mangre of doughty Douglas
And all that ever with him be.

They plunge into deep water at once. And there is never any filling up. The transitions are abrupt. You can no more foretell the swift wheel of the feeling than that of a falcon, and the phrases flash forth sharp-edged and deadly like a sword drawn in wrath. The passions speak out savagely and without any delicacies of circumlocution.

It is worth thinking of whether the press, which we have a habit of calling such a fine institution, be not weakening the fibre and damaging the sincerity of our English and our thinking quite as fast as it diffuses intelligence. Consider the meaning of expression—something wrung from us by the grip of thought or passion, whether we will or no. But the editor is quite as often compelled to write that he may fill an empty column as that he may relieve an overfilled brain. And in a country like ours, where newspapers are the only reading of the mass of the people, there is danger of a general contentedness in common place. For we always become what we habitually read. We let our newspapers think for us, argue for us, criticise for us, remember for us, do everything for us, in short, that will save us from the misfortune of being *ourselves*. And so, instead of men and women, we find ourselves in a world inhabited by incarnated leaders or paragraphs or items of this or that journal. We are apt to wonder at the scholarship of the men of two centuries ago. They were scholars because they did not read so much as we do. We spend more time over print than they did, but, instead of communing with the choice thought of choice spirits, and insensibly acquiring the grand manner of that supreme society, we diligently inform ourselves of such facts as that a fine horse belonging to Mr. Smith ran away on Wednesday, and that a son of Mr. Brown fell into the canal on Thursday, or that a gravel bank fell in and buried Patrick O'Callahan on Friday. And it is our own fault and not that of the editor. For *we* make the newspapers, and the editor would be glad to give us better stuff if we did not *demand* such as this.

Another evil of this state of things is the watering or milk and watering of our English. Writing to which there is no higher compelling destiny than the coming of the printer's devil must end in this at last. The paragraphist must make his paragraph, and the longer he makes it, the better for him and the worse for us. The virtue of words becomes wholly a matter of length. Accordingly we have now no longer any fires but "disastrous conflagrations;" nobody dies but "deceases" or "demises;" men do not fall from houses but are precipitated from mansions or edifices; a convict is not hanged, but suffers the extreme penalty of the offended law, &c.

The old ballad makers lived in a better day. They did not hear of so many events that none of them made any impression. They did not live as we do, in a world that seems a great ear of Dionysius, where, if a scandal is whispered in Pekin, we hear of it in New York. The minstrels had no metaphysical bees in their bonnets. They did not speculate about this world or the next. They had not made the great modern discovery that a bird in the bush was two in the hand. They did not analyze or refine till nothing genuine was left of this beautiful world but an indigestion.

The ballads neither harangue nor describe; but only state things in the least complex way. These old singers caught language fresh and with a flavour of the soil in it still, and their hearers were people of healthy sensibilities who must be hit directly and hard. Accordingly there is a very vigorous handling. They speak bluntly and to the purpose. If a maiden loses her lover, she merely

Turns her face unto the wall,
And there her heart it breaks.

A modern poet would have hardly thrown away the opportunity offered him of describing the chamber and its furniture; he would put a painted window into it—for the inkstand will supply them quite as cheaply as plain glass. He would tell you all about the tapestry which the eyes of the dying maiden in her extreme agony would have been very likely of course to have been minutely interested in. He would have given a clinical lecture on the symptoms, and a post-mortem examination. It was so lucky for these old ballad-mongers that they had not any ideas!

And when they give a dying speech they do not make their heroes take leave of the universe in general as if *that* were going into mourning for a death more or less. When Earl Douglas is in his death-thraw, he says to his nephew—

My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three.
And hide me by the brakenbush
That grows on yonder lily lee:

O bury me by the brakenbush
Beneath the blooming brere,
Let never living mortal ken
That a kindly scot lies here!

The ballads are the only true-folk songs that we have in English. There is no other poetry in the language that addresses us so simply as mere men and women. Learning has tampered with modern poetry, and the Muse, like Portia, wears a Doctor's cap and gown.

The force and earnestness of style that mark the old ballad become very striking when contrasted with later attempts in the same way. It is not flatness and insipidity that they are remarkable for, but for a bare rocky grandeur in whose crevices tenderness nestles its chance tufts of ferns or harebells. One of these sincere old verses imbedded in the insipidities of a modern imitation looks out stern and colossal as that charcoal head, which Michael Angelo drew on the wall of the Farnesina glowers through the paling frescoes.

[Mr. Lowell here read a number of passages from the old ballad entitled "Margaret's Ghost," and compared them with a few stanzas from an "improved" version of the same by Mallet. He also read from the ballad of Helen of Kirconnel, and from others.]

Of the tenderness of the ballads I must give an instance or two before I leave them.

In the old ballad of Clerk Saunders, Margaret follows the ghost of her lover to his grave.

So painfully she climbed the wall,
She climbed the wall up after him,
Hose nor shoon upon her feet,
She had no time to put them on.

O bonny, bonny, sang the bird
Sat on a coil o' hay
But mournfu', mournfu' was the maid,
That followed the corpse o' clay.

Is there any room at your head, Saunders?
Or any room at your feet?
Is there any room at your side, Saunders?
For fain, fain, I would sleep.

She s sat her down upon the grave
And mourned sae lang and sair
That the clocks and wanton flies at last
Came and built in her yellow hair.

[In further illustration, Mr. Lowell read from "the Clerk's Two Sons of Oxenford." He concluded his lecture thus:]

I think that the makers of the old ballads did stand face to face with life in a way that is getting more and more impossible for us. Day by day, the art of printing isolates us more and more from our fellows and from the healthy and inspiring touch of our fellows. We learn continually more and more of mankind and less of man. We know more of Europe than of our own village. We feel humanity from afar. But I must not forget that the ballads have passed through a seive which no modern author has the advantage of. Only those have come down to us which imprinted themselves on the general heart. The new editions were struck off by mothers crooning their children to sleep, or by wandering minstrels who went about sowing the seeds of courtesy and valour in the cottage and on the hill side. Print, which, like the amber, preserves all an author's grubs, gives men the chance to try him by the average rather than the best of his yield. Moreover, the Review of the ballad singer was in the faces of his ring of hearers, in whose glow or chill he could read at a glance a criticism from which there was no appeal. It was not Smith or Brown but the human heart that judged him.

Doubtless another advantage of these old poets was their out of door life. They went from audience to audience on foot, and had no more cramped a study than the arch of heaven, no library but clouds, streams, mountains, woods and men. There is something more in sunshine than mere light and heat. I fancy that a kind of flavour we detect in the old ballads is due to it, and that it may give colour and bloom to the brain as well as to the apple and plum. Indoor inspiration is like the stove-heat of the forcing-house, and the fruits ripened by it are pale, dropsical and wanting in *tang*. There may be also a virtue in the fireside, which gives to the northern wind a domestic and family warmth, and makes it skilled to teach the ethics of home. But it is not to the chimney corner that we can trace the spiritual dynasties that have swayed mankind. These have sunshine in their veins.

Perhaps another charm of the ballads is, that nobody made them. They seem to have come up like violets, and we have only to thank God for them. And we imply a sort of fondness when we call them old. It is an epithet we give endearingly and not as supposing any decrepitude or senescence in them. Like all true poetry, they are not only young themselves, but the renewers of youth in us; they do not lose but accumulate strength and life. A true poem gets a part of its inspiring force from each generation of men. The great stream of Homer rolls down to us out of the past, swollen with the tributary delight and admiration of the ages. The next generation will find Shakspeare fuller of meaning and energy by the addition of our enthusiasm. Sir Philip Sydney's admiration is part of the breath that sounds through the trumpet of Chevy Chace. That is no empty gift with which we invest a poem when we bestow on it our own youth, and that is no small debt we owe the true poem that it preserves for us some youth to bestow.

LECTURE V.

CHAUCER.

It is always a piece of good fortune to be the earliest acknowledged poet of any country. We prize first poems as we do snow-drops, not only for their own intrinsic beauty, but even more for that force of heart and instinct of sunshine in them which brings them up, where grass is brown and trees are bare, the outposts and forlorn hopes of spring. There never comes anything again like a *first* sensation, and those who love Chaucer, though they may have learned late to do it, cannot help imaginatively antedating their delight, and giving him that place in the calendar of their personal experience which belongs to him in the order of our poetic history.

And the feeling is a true one; for though intensity be the great characteristic of all genius, and the power of the poet is measured by his ability to renew the charm of freshness in what is outworn and habitual, yet there is something in Chaucer which gives him a personal property in the epithet "vernal," and makes him seem always to go hand in hand with May.

In our New England, especially, where May-day is a mere superstition, and the May-pole a poor half-hardy exotic which shivers in an East wind almost as sharp as Endicott's axe, where frozen children in unseasonable muslin celebrate the floral games with nosegays from the milliners; and winter reels back, like shattered Lear, bringing the dead spring in his arms, her budding breast and wan dilustred cheeks all overblown with the drifts and frosty streaks of his white beard—where even Chanticleer, whose sap mounts earliest in that dawn of the year, stands dumb beneath the dripping eaves of his harem, with his melancholy tale at half-mast, one has only to take down a volume of Chaucer, and forthwith he can scarce step without crushing a daisy, and the sunshine flickers on small new leaves that throb thick with song of Merle and Mavis. A breath of spring blows out the opening lines of the Canterbury Tales that seems to lift the hair upon our brow:

When that Aprile with his showers soote
The drought of March hath pierced to the roote,
And bathed every vein in that licour
Of whose virtue engendered is the flour;
When Zephirus eke with his sweet breath
Enspired hath in every holt and heath
The tender croppes; and the young sun
Hath in the ram half of his course yrun;
And little fowls maken melodie,
That sleepen all the night with open eye,
So nature pricketh them in their courages.

Even Shakspeare, who comes after everybody has done his best, and seems to say, "here, let me take hold a minute and show you how to do it," could not mend that. With Chaucer, the sun seems never to have run that other half of his course in the Ram, but to have stood still there and made one long Spring-day of his life.

Chaucer was probably born in 1328, seven years after the death of Dante, and he certainly died in 1400, having lived, consequently, seventy-two years. Of his family we know nothing. He was educated either at Oxford or Cambridge, or at neither of those famous universities. He was perhaps a student at the Inner Temple, on the books of which a certain phantasmagoric Mr. Buckley had read a record that "Geoffry Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet street."

In the 39th year of his age he received from King Edward III. a pension of 20 mark (equal to a thousand dollars now), and afterwards a grant of a pitcher of wine daily, the custody of a ward which gave £104 a year, and two places in the customs. In the last year of Edward III. he was one of three envoys sent to France to negotiate a marriage between the Prince of Wales and a daughter of the French King. Richard II. confirmed his pension of twenty marks, and granted him another of like amount instead of the daily wine.

Chaucer married Philippa Picard or de le Rouet, sister of Catharine Swinford the second wife of John of Gaunt. By this connection he is supposed to have become a favourer of Wickliffe's doctrines, and was in some way concerned in the insurrection of John of Northampton, which seems to have had for its object some religious reform. He was forced to fly in Holland, and is said to have made his peace at last by betraying his companions. I think one's historical comfort is not disturbed by refusing to credit this story—especially as it stains the fame of a great poet—and if character may ever be judged from writings—a good man. We may grant that he broke the Franciscan friar's head in Fleet street, if it were only for the alliteration, but let us doubt that he ever broke his faith. It is very doubtful whether he was such stuff as martyrs are made of. Plump men though nature would seem to have marked them as more combustible, seldom go to the stake, but rather your lean fellows who can feel a fine satisfaction in not burning well to spite the Philistines.

At this period of his life Chaucer is thought to have been in straitened circumstances, but a new pension and a yearly pipe of wine were granted him by Richard II., and on the accession of Henry IV., these were confirmed with a further pension of forty marks. These he only lived a year to enjoy, dying October 25, 1400.

The most poetical event in Chaucer's life, the critics have, of course, endeavoured to take away from us. That is his meeting with Petrarch, to which he alludes in the prologue to the Clerk's Tale of Griseldis. There is no reason for doubting this that I am able to discover, except that it is so pleasing to think of, and that Chaucer affirms it. Chaucer's embassy to Italy was in 1373, the last years of Petrarch's life, and it was in this very year that Petrarch first read the Decameron. In his last letter to Boccacio he says, "the touching story of Griseldis has been ever since laid up in my memory that I may relate it in my conversations with my friends." We are forced to believe so many things that ought never to have happened, that the heart ought to be allowed to recompense itself by receiving as fact without too close a scrutiny of the evidence, whatever deserved to take place so truly as this did. Reckoning back, then, by the finer astronomy of our poetic instincts, we find that a conjunction of these two stars of song did undoubtedly occur in that far off heaven of the Past.

On the whole, we may consider the life of Chaucer as one of the happiest, and also the most fortunate that ever fell to the lot of poets. In the course of it he must have been brought into relation with all ranks of men. He had been a student of books, of manners, and of countries. In his description of the Clerk at Oxford, in which there is good ground for thinking that he alludes to some of his own characteristics, he says:

For him was liefer have at his bed's head
A twenty books clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy
Than robe's rich, or fiddle, or psaltery
But albeit that he was a philosopher
Yet had he but a little gold in coffer;
Of study took he the most care and heed
Not a word spake he more than there was need;
And that was said in form and reverence,
And short and quick, and full of high sentence;
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

What a pleasant companionable nature the last verse testifies to! The portrait of Chaucer, too, is perhaps more agreeable than that of any other English poet. The downcast, meditative eyes, the rich mouth, and the beautiful broad brow drooping with weight of thought, and yet with an eternal youth and freshness shining out of it as from the morning forehead of a boy, are all remarkable, and their harmony with each other in a placid tenderness not less so.

Chaucer's beginnings as an author were translations from the French and Italian. Imitations they should rather be called, for he put *himself* into them, and the mixture made a new poem. He helped himself without scruples from every quarter. And, indeed, there is nothing more clear than that the great poets are not sudden prodigies, but slow results. Just as an oak profits by the foregone lives of immemorial vegetable races, so we may be sure that the genius of every remembered poet drew the forces that built it up from the decay of a whole forest of forgotten ones. And in proportion as the genius is vigorous and original, will its indebtedness be—will it strike its roots deeper in the past and into remoter fields in search of the virtue that must sustain it.

Accordingly, Chaucer like Shakspeare, invented almost nothing. Wherever he found anything directed to Geoffry Chaucer, he took it and made the most of it. Indeed, the works of the great poets teach us to hold invention somewhere cheap. The Provencal rhymers did the best to invent things that nobody ever thought of before, and they succeeded in producing what nobody ever thought of again. He must be a very great poet indeed who can afford to say anything new.

In the great poets, I think there is always a flavour of race or country which gives them a peculiar nearness to those of the same blood, and where the face of the individual nature is most marked, it will be found that the type of family is most deeply stamped also. It is remarkable that Chaucer, who probably spoke French as often and familiarly as English, who levied his contributions upon Norman, Italian and Latin writers, should yet have become (with an exception) the most truly English of our poets.

In endeavouring to point out what seem to be the peculiar characteristics of Chaucer, I think we shall find one of the chief to be this—that he is the first poet who has looked to nature as a motive of conscious emotion. Accordingly, his descriptions are always simple and addressed to the eye rather than to the mind, or to the fancy rather than to the imagination. Very often he is satisfied with giving a list of flowers with no epithet, or one expressive of colour or perfume only.

[Mr. Lowell here read a number of passages from the Assembly of Fowls and other poems of Chaucer, with an extract from Spenser.]

Now, I observe that all Chaucer's epithets are primary—or such as give birth to the feeling; and all Shakspeare's secondary, or such as the feelings give birth to. In truth, Shakspeare's imagination is always dramatic, even in his narrative poems, and it was so abundant that the mere overflow of it has coloured the very well-springs of the English language, and especially of English poetry. On Chaucer nature seems always to have smiled (except in winter, which he cordially hated), and no rumour of man's fall appears to have reached the trees and birds and flowers. Nature has taken to thinking lately, and a moral jumps up out of a blossom, like a jack in a box.

Another characteristic, which we find in all the poems where Chaucer speaks in his own person, is a sentiment of *seclusion*. He always dreams of walking in a park, or a garden walled in on every side. It is not narrowness but privacy that he delights in, and a certain feeling of generous limitation. In this his poems are the anithesis of Milton's, which always give a feeling of great spaces.

In description it would be hard to find Chaucer's superior. His style is distinguished always by an energetic simplicity, which is a combination exceedingly rare. It was apparently natural to him. But when he is describing anything that he loves, there is also an inexpressible tenderness, as if his eyes filled with tears. His narrative flows on like one of our inland rivers, sometimes hastening a little, and, in its eddies, seeming to run sunshine, sometimes listening smoothly, while here and there a beautiful quiet thought, a pure feeling, a golden-hearted verse opens as quietly as a waterlily, and makes no ripple. In modern times the desire for startling expression is so strong that people hardly think a thought is good for anything unless it goes off with a *pop* like a ginger-beer cork.

In Chaucer's pathetic passages (and they are many), the presence of *pity* is a thing to be noticed—and the more so as he is the best poetic story-teller among the English, and except Dante, among modern poets. Chaucer when he comes to the sorrow of his story seems to croon over the thoughts, and soothe them and handle them with a pleasant compassionateness, as a child treats a wounded bird which he cannot make up his heart to let go, and yet fears to close his fingers too firmly upon.

[Mr. Lowell, in illustration, read from the Man of Law's Tale, and other of the poems.]

What I have said of Chaucer's pathos is equally true of his humour. It never *invades* the story, but *pervades* it. It circulates through all his comic tales like lively blood, and never puddles on the surface any unhealthy spots of extravasation. And this I take to be the highest merit of narrative—diffusion without diffuseness.

I have not spoken yet of Chaucer's greatest work, the Canterbury Tales. He has been greatly commended for his skill in the painting of character, and indeed nothing too good can be said of him in this respect. But I think it is too much the fashion to consider Chaucer as one of those Flemish painters who are called realists because they never painted the reality but only the *material*. It is true that Chaucer is as minute in his costume as if he were illuminating a missal. Nothing escapes him—the cut of the beard, the colour of the jerkin, the rustiness of the sword. He could not help this, his eye for the picturesque is so quick and sure. But in drawing the character it is quite otherwise. Here his style is large and free, and he emphasises, but not too strongly, those points only which are essential, and which give variety to his picture, without any loss to the keeping. For he did not forget that he was painting history and not portrait. If his character of the good parson, which still stands not only unmatched, but unapproached by the many later attempts at the same thing, seem an exception—it is yet in truth a confirmation of what I have said. For, in this case, for the very sake of *keeping*, it was necessary to be more full and careful, because the *good* parson alone must balance the friar, the pardoner, and all the other clerical personages who are almost unmixedly evil. Justice is always a leading quality in great minds, and by this single figure on one side and the group on the other Chaucer satirises the church as it only can be satirised by showing that it contrasts with that true religion with which it should be identical. And was there ever anything so happy as Chaucer's satire? Commonly satire is unhappy, but Chaucer's is positively more kindly than the panegyric of some poets.

In calling Chaucer *genial* I chose the word with forethought. This geniality made it impossible that his satire should be intellectual. The satire of the intellect deals with the outside only, trying the thing satirised by a rigid standard. But it results from Chaucer's genial temperament that justice in him is so equipoised by love that it becomes mercy, which is the point of rest between absolute law and human frailty. Therefore, Chaucer, properly speaking, is not a satirist but a humourist; in other words, his satire is imaginative, and thus, in perfect subordination to narrative (though not to dramatic) Art, he makes his characters satire themselves. I suppose that no humourist ever makes anybody so thoroughly an object of satire as himself—but then one always satirises himself kindly, because he sees all sides. Falstaff is an example of this. Now this is just the character of imaginative or humourous satire, that the humourous enters his subject; assumes his consciousness, and works wholly from within. Accordingly, when Chaucer makes his Frere or Pardouer expose all his own knaveries, we feel not as if he said, see what a precious scamp this fellow is, but, this is the way *we* poor devils play fantastic tricks before high heaven. The butt of the humourist is Man (including himself and us), the butt of the satirist is always individual man. The humourist says *we*, the moralist and satirist *thou*. Here is the strength of the great imaginative satirist of modern times, Mr. Thackeray.

In satire, the antithesis of Chaucer is Pope; as a painter of life and manners, Crabbe, who had great powers of observation within imagination. Therefore, what is simplicity in Chaucer is poverty in Crabbe.

Chaucer is the first great poet who held up a mirror to contemporary life in its objectivity, and for the mere sake of its picturesqueness—that is, he is the first great poet who has treated To-day as if it were as good as Yesterday. Dante wrote life also, but it was his own life, and what is more, his own interior life. All his characters are represented in their relation to *that*. But Chaucer reflected life in its large sense—the life of *men*, from the knight to the ploughman. Thus it is that he always quietly and naturally rises above the Conventional into the Universal. And so his great poem lives forever in that perrennial contemporaneousness, which is the great privilege of genius. Thus the man of genius has a double immortality—in heaven and on earth at the same time; and this is what makes it good to *be* a genius at all, that their beauty and their goodness live after them, and every generation of men can say of them—they are *our* friends also.

I know not how to sum up what we feel about Chaucer, except by saying, what would have pleased him most—that we *love* him. I would write on the first page of his volume the inscription which he puts over the gate in his Assembly of Fowls:

Through me men go into the blissful place
Of the heart's heal, and deadly wound's cure;
Through me men go into the will of Grace,
Where green and lusty May shall ever endure.
This is the way to all good adventure;
Be glad then, reader, and thy sorrow offcast,
All open am I, pass in, and speed thee fast!

MISS MITFORD.

From the London Daily News, January 15.

Mary Russell Mitford died early on the morning of the 10th instant. Her decline has been so protracted that there can be no surprise or shock mingled with the sorrow with which the English public will hear of her death. She was old, having been born in December, 1786; and since her fall from the pony-chaise, in the autumn of 1852, her life has been understood to be very precarious. The interest which has been taken in her state might appear to be disproportionate to her abilities and her achievements; but, if it is so, there must be a reason for it; and the reason is, that she was so genial and so cheerful, as to command the affection of multitudes, who would have given no heed to a much higher order of genius invested with less of moral charm.

There is nothing so popular as cheerfulness; and when the cheerfulness is of the unfailing sort which arises from amiability and interior content, it deserves such love as attended Mary Russell Mitford to her grave. Her ability was very considerable. Her powers of description were unique. She had a charming humour, and her style was delightful. Yet were her stories read with a relish which exceeded even so broad a title as this—with a relish which the judgment could hardly account for or justify; and this pleasant compelled enjoyment was no doubt ascribable to the glow of good spirits and kindliness which lighted up and warmed everything that her mind produced. She may be considered as the representative of the household cheerfulness of the halls of literature.

Her tendencies showed themselves early. She took up the pen almost in childhood, and was an avowed poet, in print, before she was four-and-twenty. However hard was her filial duty when she was herself growing old, she had all her own way in her early years; and her way seems to have been to write an immense quantity of verse as the pleasantest thing she could find to do. She was born at Alresford, in Hampshire. Her father was a physician—one of the Northumberland family of Mitfords. Her mother was the child of the old age of a Hampshire clergyman, who had seen Pope, and been intimate with Fielding. Her father was, as it is understood, disliked and disapproved, if not despised, by everybody but his devoted daughter, whose intatuation it was to think him something very great and good; whereas, there seems to be really nothing to remember him by but his singular and unaccountable extravagance in money matters, and the selfishness with which he went on to the last, obtaining, by hook and by crook, costly indulgences, which nobody else in his line of life, independent of creditors, thought of wishing for.

Dr. Mitford ran through half-a-dozen fortunes, shifted about to half-a-dozen grand residences, and passed the last quarter of a century of his life in a cottage where, humble as seemed his mode of living, he could not keep out of debt, or the shame of perpetual begging from the friends whom his daughter had won. His only child was carried about, before she was old enough for school, from Alresford to Reading; from Reading to Lyne; and thence to London, where, when she was ten years old, her father was making up his mind to retrench, and do something at last—a resolution which went the way of all the former ones.

It was at that time that the well-known incident happened which Miss Mitford related with so much spirit half a century afterwards. The little girl chose for a birthday present a lottery ticket of a particular number, to which she stuck in spite of much persuasion to change it, and which turned up a prize of £20,000. This money soon disappeared, like some £40,000 which had vanished before. Her father put her to school in London; and there she spent five years, while he was amusing himself with building a very large house, four miles from Reading, to which she returned at the age of fifteen, to write poetry and dream of becoming an authoress.

After 1810, she put forth a volume almost every year. This was all done for pleasure, but she was meanwhile giving up to her selfish father one legacy after another left to herself by the opulent families on both sides, after her mother's handsome fortune was exhausted; and hence at length arose the necessity of her writing for the sake of the money she could earn. In their poverty they went to lodge for a summer at a cottage in the village of Three-mile Cross, near Reading, and there they held on for the rest of Dr. Mitford's long life. The poetess looked round her, and described in prose what she saw, sending the papers which, collected, form the celebrated "Our Village," to Campbell for the *New Monthly Magazine*. Campbell made the mistake of rejecting them—an error in which he was followed by a great number and variety of other editors.

It was in the *Lady's Magazine*, of all places that articles destined to make a literary reputation of no mean order, first appeared. They were published in a collected form in 1823, and from that time forward Miss Mitford was sure of the guineas whenever she chose to draw for them in the form of pleasant stories under her well-known and welcome signature. Few of her many readers, however, knew at what cost these pleasant stories were produced. They seemed to flow easily enough, and their sportive style suggests anything but the toil and anxiety amidst which they were spun out. It is observable that each story is as complete and rounded as a sonnet, and provided with a plot which would serve for a novel if expanded. Each has a catastrophe, generally a surprise, elaborately wrought out in concealment.

It was for stories of this kind that Miss Mitford exchanged the earlier and easier sketches from the nature around her which we find in "Our Village"; and the exchange increased immensely the call upon her energies. But the money must be had, and the annuals paid handsomely, and thus, therefore, the devoted daughter employed her talents, spoiling her father, and wearing herself out, but delighting an enormous number of readers. After fritting away the whole day, incessantly on foot, or otherwise fatiguing herself at his beck and call, receiving his friends, and reading him to sleep in the afternoons till she had no voice left, the hour came when she might put him to bed. But her own day's work still remained to be done. It was not a sort of work which could be done by powers, jaded like hers, without some stimulus or relief; and hence the necessity of doses of laudanum to carry her through her task.

When the necessity ceased by the death of her father, her practice of taking laudanum ceased; but of course health had become radically impaired, and her nervous system was rendered unfit to meet any such shock as that which overthrew her at last. Miss Mitford, so toiling by candle-light, while the hard master who had made her his servant all day, was asleep in the next room, is as painful an instance of the struggles of human life as the melancholy of a buffoon, or the heart-break—that "secret known to all"—of a boasting Emperor of all the Russias.

While this was her course of life, however, she was undergoing something of an intellectual training, together with her moral discipline. All this reading to her father, and the impossibility of commanding her time for any other employment than reading by snatches (except gardening), brought her into acquaintance with a wide field of English literature; and some of it an uncommon kind. The fruits are seen in one of her latest works—her "Notes of a Literary Life," and in her indomitable inclination to write tragedies for immediate representation. Several of her plays were acted; and she herself was wont to declare that she should be immortalized by them, if at all; moreover, there are critics who agree with her; yet her case certainly appears to us to be one of that numerous class, in which the pursuit of dramatic fame is a delusion and a snare.

In no other act or attempt of her life did Miss Mitford manifest any of those qualities of mind which are essential to success in this the highest walk of literature. It does not appear that she had any insight into passion, any conception of the depth of human character or the scope of human experience. Ability of a certain sort there is in her plays, but not no depth and no compass. Four tragedies and an opera of hers were acted at our first theatres, and we hear no more of *Julian*, *Foscari*, *Rienzi* or *Charles I.* At first the difficulties were imputed to dramatic censors, and the great actors and injudicious or lukewarm friend; but all that was over long ago.

The tragedies were acted, and we hear no more of them. It is true Mr. Colman did refuse his sanction to Charles I. when it bore the name of Cromwell (an amusing incident to have happened in the reign of poor William IV., whose simple head was very safe on his shoulders); and it is true that Young and Macready wrangled so long about the principal characters in her first acted play, that the tantalised authoress began to wonder whether it would ever appear; but they have all appeared, and they do not keep the stage, though Miss Mitford's friends were able and willing to do all that interest, literary and dramatic, can do in such a case.

All the evidence of her career seems to shows that her true line was that in which she obtained an early, decisive and permanent success—much humbler than the dramatic, but that in which she has given a great deal of pleasure to a multitude of readers. Her description of scenery, brutes and human beings have such a singular merit that she may be regarded as the founder of a new style; and if the freshness wore off with time, there was much more than a compensation in the fine spirit of resignation and cheerfulness which breathed through everything she wrote, and endeared her as a suffering friend to thousands who formerly regarded her only as a most entertaining stranger.

Dr. Mitford died in 1842, leaving his affairs in such a state that relief for his daughter had to be obtained by subscription among her friends and admirers, which was soon followed by a pension from the crown. The daughter inherited and contracted some of her father's extremely easy feelings about money, and its sources and uses; but the temptation to that sort of laxity was removed or infinitely lessened when she was left alone with a very sufficient provision. She removed to a cottage at Swallowfield, near Reading, in 1851; and there, with her pony-chaise, her kind neighbours, her distant admirers, and the amusement of bringing out a succession of volumes, the materials of which were under her hand, she found resources enough to make her days cheerful, even after the accident which rendered her a suffering prisoner for the last two years of her life.

She remained to the last the most sympathizing and indulgent friend of the young, and the most good-humoured of comrades to people of all ages and conditions. However hapless, she was still bright; and her vitality of mind and heart was never more striking or more genial than when she was visibly dying by inches, and alluding with a smile to the deep and still bed which she should soon occupy amoug the sunshine and flickering shadows of the village churchyard. Finally, the long exhaustion ended in death.

Though not gifted with lofty genius or commanding powers of any sort, Miss Mitford has been sufficiently conspicuous in the literary history of her time to claim an expression of respect and regret on her leaving us. Her talents and her character were essentially womanly; and she was fortuhate in living in an age when womanly ability in the